INTERESTING ANECDOTES

OF

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

CONTAINING

SUBLIME TRAITS

AND

LIVELY SALLIES OF WIT

OF THAT

MONARCH;

DIGESTED INTO CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER,

And forming a Complete Picture of the

LIFE

OF THAT

AMIABLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS HERO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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ANECDOTES

OF

HENRY IV. &c.

THE Duke of Sully, Superintendant of the Finances, said one day to Casaubon, who came to him for his pension, *You cost the King too much, Sir; you get more than a couple of good Captains get, and you do nothing for it.* Casaubon, who was a very mild man, went to complain of this behaviour to Henry. The

good King ſaid to him, "Monſieur "Caſaubon, let not that give you "any uneaſineſs; I have made a di- "viſion with M. de Sully; the diſ- "agreeable parts of the buſineſs have "all fallen to his ſhare; the pleaſant "ones I have kept for myſelf. When "you have occaſion to call on him "for your appointments, come pre- "viouſly to me; I will tell you the "watch-word to facilitate your pay- "ment." *(Manuſcrit in 4to.)*

Dupleſſis Mornay, who hath been juſt mentioned, merited by his valour in war, by the wiſdom of his counſels, and by his ardent zeal for the glory

glory of Henry IV. to be the friend of that great Monarch. A gentleman, named St. Phal, who had taken offence at Dupleſſis Mornay for having, as he ſaid, ſhewn his letters very unſeaſonably, determined on revenge. He waited for him one day, as he was returning from Court, and, ſeizing him in the open ſtreet, aſked him the meaning of his late behaviour. Dupleſſis having made him a proper anſwer, the other, without waiting till he had finiſhed his diſcourſe, knocked him down with a batoon, and immediately mounted his horſe, and retreated. Dupleſſis wrote to the King, to demand juſtice, and

received from him the following anſwer: "Monſieur Dupleſſis, I am "exceedingly diſpleaſed at the out-"rage which you have received, and "feel it both as your Sovereign "and as your friend. With regard "to the former character, I will do "juſtice both to you and to myſelf; "did I bear only the ſecond title, "there is none whoſe ſword ſhould "be more ready at your ſervice, nor "who would expoſe his life in your "quarrel more cheerfully than my-"ſelf. Of this be aſſured, that I "will poſitively do my duty to you, "as King, as maſter, and as friend. "With this true declaration I con-

"clude,

" clude, praying God to keep you " under his protection." The King then ordered St. Phal to be proſecuted for an aſſaſſin. His family, however, obtained his pardon, on condition that he would aſk forgiveneſs of the King in preſence of the chief Lords of the Court, of his relations, and of the Sieur Dupleſſis, whoſe forgiveneſs he ſhould aſk likewiſe. He was without a ſword when he appeared before the King, as being unworthy to wear one after ſo cowardly an action; but when Henry had granted him pardon, he ordered his ſword to be reſtored to him, ſaying, " That it was more honour-

" able for M. Dupleſſis to receive " ſatisfaction from one armed, than " one diſarmed." *(Journal & Hiſtoire d'Henri IV.)*

Dupleſſis had been brought up in the Proteſtant religion, and had ſerved it with his pen, after having defended it with his ſword. They uſed to call him, in thoſe days, the *Pope of the Huguenots.* He had publiſhed a book intitled, *The Inſtitution of the Euchariſt.* Du Perron, Biſhop of Evreux, offered to prove to him, in preſence of the King, and ſuch other perſons as it might pleaſe his Majeſty to nominate, that, in this book againſt

the Maſs, there were above five hundred paſſages miſquoted, mutilated, or falſified. Accordingly, ſome conferences were held at Fontainebleau, in which Du Perron came off victorious. Henry made many encomiums on the wit and erudition of the Biſhop of Evreux, and then, aſſuming a tone of raillery, ſaid to Roſny, * "*What think you of your Pope?* "I think, Sire," anſwered he in the ſame tone, "that he is "more a Pope than you are aware; "for don't you ſee that he hath given "a red hat to M. d'Evreux?" Soon

* Who was a Proteſtant.

afterwards, Du Perron was actually made a Cardinal.

It was ſaid at that time, that Henry only conſented to this conference, to do away the ſuſpicions which many ill-minded perſons entertained of his ſincerity with reſpect to the Catholic religion. The Monarch was not ignorant of theſe ſuſpicions. "There are three things," he uſed to ſay, "which the world "will not believe, and yet they are "true and certain; that the Queen "of England * died a maid; that "the Archduke is a great General;

* Elizabeth.

"and

" and that the King of France is " a very good Catholic." *(Journal de l'Etoile.)*

It was in his friendſhip for Sully, that Henry chiefly diſplayed the frankneſs and the candour of his ſoul. " My friend," ſaid this good Prince one day writing to his Miniſter, " come and ſee me; this " morning ſomething hath been paſ- " ſing in my breaſt, which I am de- " ſirous of communicating to you."

Another time he wrote thus to him from Fontainebleau: " Some " domeſtic uneaſineſs hath happened

" to

" to me, which cauſes me more
" chagrin than I have ever yet expe-
" rienced. I would give a good deal
" that you were here; for you are
" the only perſon to whom I open
" my heart, and from whoſe counſels
" I receive conſolation."

Henry heard that one of Sully's children was ſick; he immediately ſent him his firſt phyſician, and wrote to him, " You know that my
" affection for you is not ſo ſlight as
" to hinder me from going myſelf,
" were my preſence neceſſary."

The

The whole life of Henry IV. is a moſt ſatisfactory picture of the intimate friendſhip which ſubſiſted between him and the Duke of Sully. All his letters to that Minſter are impreſſed with this character. One ſees there, that this great Monarch had ſo lively an affection for Sully, that it frequently extended itſelf even to minute cares, and to the moſt marked attention to that Miniſter. In 1601, the King wrote to him in theſe terms: "You will do me a "pleaſure by coming to lie this night "at Puyzeaux; you need not bring "any thing with you, as I have "given orders to have an apartment

"pre-

" prepared for you, to which I have
" ſent my hunting bed, and com-
" manded Coquet to provide a ſupper
" for you, and your breakfaſt in the
" morning; for I will not detain you
" longer. Adieu, my beloved friend."
(Encomies Royales.)

One day when Sully, who was Superintendant of the Finances, came to preſent the new year's gifts to the King, he found him ſtill in bed with the Queen. The King deſired him to come in, and ſhew the new year's gifts. They conſiſted of gold and ſilver medals for their Majeſties, and for the Queen's Ladies and Maids of Honour.

Honour. *Roſny*, (for ſo the King called him) *will you give them their new year's gifts without making them come and kiſs you?* "Surely, Sire," anſwered Sully, "ſince you have "commanded them to do it, I have "no need of entreating them." *Come now, Roſny, you ſhall tell me the truth: which of them do you kiſs with moſt pleaſure, and think to be the handſomeſt?* "Faith, Sire," replied the Superintendant, "I cannot tell; I "have other things to think of be- "ſides love, and judging between "one beauty and another. I kiſs "them as I would reliques, when "preſenting my offering." *Hey-dey*, ſaid

ſaid Henry laughing, *what a prodigal Financier is Roſny, to make ſuch rich preſents out of his maſter's goods, and all for a kiſs!* Then, when thoſe before whom he did not chooſe to ſay every thing, had been diſmiſſed, he gently jogged the Queen, who was aſleep, or pretended to be ſo, becauſe ſhe was ſomewhat vexed: "Awake, you ſleepy creature," ſaid he, "and leave off grumbling. You "imagine that Roſny favours me in "the little ſquabbles which you and "I have together. You would be "quite of a different opinion, were "you to know what great liberties "he takes in telling me truths; for

"which,

" which, although I put myſelf in
" a paſſion, I do not bear him any
" ill-will. On the contrary, I ſhould
" think he did not love me, if he
" were not to repreſent to me what
" he conſiders as being for my own
" perſonal glory, the reformation of
" my kingdom, and the comfort of
" my people. For, you ſee, my
" dear, there are no diſpoſitions ſo
" upright which would not ſtumble
" ſometimes, if they were not pulled
" up when they trip, by the admo-
" nitions of their loyal ſervants, or
" their intimate and prudent friends."
(Memoires de Sully.)

Henry

Henry being in his chamber with a lady with whom he was in love, Sully entered the anti-chamber, and was paſſing on, when he was told that that could not be. He ſuſpected immediately that ſome intrigue was going forward, which they wiſhed to conceal from him. The deſire of knowing what it was, prompted him to take his ſtation at a window, which looked towards the little ſtair-caſe leading from the King's cloſet. He ſaw a lady dreſſed in green come out, whoſe face he was unacquainted with; a moment after, the King came to him, and ſaid, *How is it with thee, Sully?* The Duke made anſwer;

anſwer; "Sire, I am always your "Majeſty's very humble ſervant; but, "Sire," continued the Duke, ſeeing the King a little agitated, "your Majeſty's "health ſeems to have undergone "ſome alteration." *It is becauſe*, ſaid the King, *I have had a fever all the morning, but it hath left me now.* "True, Sire," replied the Duke, "I "ſaw it go away; it was all green." *Ventre-ſaint-gris*, rejoined the King, *there is no deceiving you; you ſee too clearly.* (Menagiana.)

It happened much about the ſame time, that this Prince went to look for Sully at the arſenal, in order to

have ſome particular converſation with him. That Miniſter did not receive the confidence thus repoſed in him, without making an earneſt remonſtrance to Henry, concerning what he deemed to be inimical to the glory of his royal Maſter. That Monarch, whoſe paſſions were ſtrong, at firſt gave a very ill reception to thoſe remonſtrances of his confident. He even quitted him abruptly, ſaying aloud, "I cannot endure this man "any longer; he does nothing but "contradict and find fault with all "my wiſhes and intentions; but, "by the Lord, I will be obeyed; "I will not ſee him again this fort-"night."

" night." But the next day, at ſeven o'clock in the morning, his Majeſty went to the arſenal, with five or ſix perſons in the coach with him. He went up to Sully's apartment, without ſuffering any one to give him notice, and rapped at his cloſet-door. Sully, who had ſaid, *Who is there?* was not a little ſurprized to hear anſwer made, *It is the King*, whom he knew immediately by the ſound of his voice; when the door was opened, *Well, what are you doing here, my friend?* ſaid the King, entering the cloſet with Roquelaure, and ſome other courtiers. Sully anſwered, " that " he was writing Letters, and preparing

" buſineſs for his Secretaries." *And how long have you been at that work?* " Since three o'clock this morning," anſwered Sully. *Well, Roquelaure,* cried Henry, turning to him, *how much would you take to lead ſuch a life?* The King then made all his attendants leave the room, and began to diſcourſe with Sully; but, perceiving that he ſpoke coldly to him, " So, ſo, you are on the reſerve," ſaid he, ſmiling, and tapping him on the cheek, " you are angry, are you, " on account of what paſſed yeſter- " day? For my part, I have forgot " it; ſo let us live together on our " uſual terms of freedom. For I

" know

" know your temper well; had you
" acted otherwiſe, it would have been
" a ſign that you no longer took any
" intereſt in my affairs. Though I
" am ſometimes out of humour,"
added he with his natural candour,
" I wiſh you to bear with it; for I
" do not therefore love you the leſs:
" on the contrary, the moment you
" ceaſe to contradict me in matters
" which I know are not to your
" liking, I ſhall think that you have
" no longer any affection for me."
After a long converſation, the King
retired; as he quitted Sully, he em-
braced him, and ſaid to thoſe who
were ſtanding by, " There are fools

" enough, who imagine that when " I put myſelf in a paſſion with " Monſieur de Sully, it is in good " earneſt, and for a long time: now " it is quite the contrary; for when " I afterwards reflect that he remon- " ſtrates with me, or contradicts me, " only for my own honour, my own " grandeur, and the proſperity of my " affairs, and never for his private " intereſt, I love him the better for " it, and am impatient to tell him " ſo." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

" There is nothing," ſaid Sully, " from which it is more difficult to " defend one's ſelf, than from a ca-

" lumny

"lumny fabricated by a courtier." He experienced this in the year 1605. Several Lords of the Court, who deſired nothing ſo much as the deſtruction of a man whom they found ever in oppoſition to their wiſhes, becauſe thoſe wiſhes were ſeldom compatible with the intereſts of the people, had prepared every thing for his ruin. Libels, anonymous letters, ſecret and artful intimations, were all put in practice. Henry, for the firſt time, entertained ſuſpicions of Sully, and they ſeemed allowable in a Prince who had experienced ſo much ingratitude from mankind; nevertheleſs, finding that nothing which had been

alledged againſt the Miniſter was verified, he began to make reflections. He was paſſionate; but he was good, and readily returned to himſelf. He ſent ſeveral perſons to Sully, to prevail on him to open his heart; but Sully was determined to be ſilent until the King himſelf ſhould ſpeak to him. He conſidered himſelf as having cauſe to complain of that Prince, who at laſt, unable to endure this ſtate of coldneſs and uncertainty, deſired an explanation. Being at Fontainebleau, as Sully was taking leave of him, the King ſaid, "Come "hither, have you nothing to ſay to "me?" *No*, anſwered Sully. "Oh! "then

" then I have to you," replied that Prince. Immediately turning aſide with him into one of the alleys of the park, and ordering two Swiſs to be poſted at the entrance of the place where they were, the King began by embracing Sully twice; he then ſaid to him, " My friend, I could " no longer endure (after three-and- " twenty years experience and know- " ledge of the affection and ſincerity " of both one and the other of us) the " coldneſſes, conſtraints, and diſſimu- " lations which we have obſerved for " this month paſt; for, to tell you " the truth, if I have not acquainted " you with all my ſecret thoughts,

" as

" as I uſed to do, I believe that you
" have likewiſe concealed many of
" your's from me. Such proceed-
" ings would be as prejudicial to you
" as to me, and might go on aug-
" menting daily, by the malice and
" cunning of thoſe who are as en-
" vious of my grandeur, as they are
" of the favour which you enjoy
" with me. For this reaſon, I have
" reſolved to inform you of all the
" fine ſtories which have been told
" me concerning you, the artifices
" which have been made uſe of to
" embroil you with me, and the ef-
" fects which they produced upon
" my heart; requeſting you to do

the

" the ſame, without fearing that I " ſhould take offence at any of thoſe " freedoms you may uſe. For it is " my wiſh that we leave this place, " both of us, with hearts free from " all ſuſpicion, and ſatisfied with " each other. And now, as I am " willing to offer you my heart, I " beſeech you not to diſguiſe from " me any thing that may be in " your's." After this converſation, equally neceſſary to both, and in which Sully fully juſtified himſelf, the King ſeemed ſincerely ſorry at having harboured any doubts of the attachment of his moſt faithful ſervant. Sully, penetrated to the bottom

tom of his heart with the noble repentance of his royal Maſter, was going to throw himſelf at his feet, and give him that ſubmiſſive mark of reſpect which is due from a ſubject to his Sovereign. *Ah! do it not*, ſaid Henry, *you are a man of worth*; *we are obſerved*; *they would imagine that I was pardoning you.* The King immediately left the alley, holding Sully by the hand, and aſked all the courtiers what o'clock it was. They anſwered, that it was one in the afternoon, and that he had been a long time away. "I perceive how it is," ſaid Henry, "there are ſome who "found that converſation more te-

"dious

" dious than I did. To comfort you, " however, I would have you all " know, that I love Roſny better " than ever; and you, my friend," added he, turning about to Sully, " continue to love and ſerve me as " you have always done." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

Two modern orators have preſerved the following ſublime trait of the life of Henry IV. in the eulogiums which they have made on that great King; and we hope to gratify thoſe readers who love to compare and judge, by ſetting before their eyes theſe two intereſting extracts:

A ca-

A calumny, *fabricated by a courtier*, to uſe Sully's own expreſſions, had ſapped the foundations of that reſpectable amity which connected with Henry IV. Sully had been repreſented as dangerous, as ready to arm himſelf againſt his Maſter with the favours heaped upon him by his friend; examples had been quoted of the many ungrateful and perfidious perſons with whom thoſe unhappy times abounded; the intimations were ſo numerous, ſo circumſtantial; all the facts had been collected with ſo much art, that they had ſtaggered the mind of Henry. Already his heart becomes cloſe and eſtranged;

Sully perceives the progreſs of the calumny, can ſtop it by a ſingle word, which yet he diſdains to utter. Henry waits for this word, but does not aſk for it; that ſweet familiarity, that amiable pleaſantry, that freedom, that confidence, had fled from their converſations: Henry was nothing more than polite, Sully nothing more than reſpectful; the Miniſter was not diſmiſſed, but the Friend was diſgraced. How difficult and ſevere it is to ceaſe to love! Henry caſts from time to time upon the object of his affection looks of tenderneſs and regret; and if he ſees in his countenance any trace of ſorrow, if he thinks that he recog-

recognizes, by any ſymptoms, his faithful Sully, his heart is unable to contain itſelf, his arms fly open, he haſtens to fall upon the neck of his friend. A falſe ſhame, ſome remains of diſtruſt, and the proud ſilence of Sully, ſtill reſtrain him. At length he ſinks under it: "Sully," ſaith he to that Miniſter, "have you no-"thing to ſay to me? What! Sully "hath nothing more to ſay? Well "then, it is my buſineſs to ſpeak." He then diſcovers to him his whole ſoul, with all the conflicts which have agitated it; all the griefs which have afflicted it. "Inhuman! How could "you leave your friend in deſpair at

"be-

" believing you faithleſs?" Sully, hurt at this imputation, the only one which could have been thrown on him, is going to fall at Henry's feet—" What is this, Sully?" ſaid the King; " your enemies are look-" ing at you; they imagine that I " am pardoning you; do not give " them the ſatisfaction of thinking " that you were culpable." After this their embraces are their only language; they ſprinkle each other's boſoms with thoſe tears which are ſo inexpreſſibly delightful. Two hearts, that have thus wept together, can never more be diſunited from

each other. *(Eloge d'Henri IV. par M. Gaillard.)*

It may well be ſaid, that a lie can never borrow the features of truth; it may, however, bear a ſtrong reſemblance to it, otherwiſe it could not prove ſo formidable. Henry himſelf, as difficult to be deceived as vanquiſhed, even Henry is ſtaggered. Suſpicion glides into his heart; ſuſpicion, that wound of the ſoul, which poiſons every thing, which exaggerates every thing, the ſcar of which remains for ever painful, and which ſo eaſily burſts open, after it hath been cloſed. Henry fears that he hath

hath been deceived in his choice and in his friendſhip; he endures, he ſtill does buſineſs with his Miniſter; but he converſes no longer with his friend. Sully perceives it, and is ſilent; the Court obſerves what paſſes, and waits the event. In ſome faces may be ſeen the ſmile of ambitious hope, in others the inſolent joy of ſelf-applauding villany; in all, curioſity and inquietude. The countenance of Sully never alters; his diſmiſſion, which his enemies would have termed his diſgrace, and which would have been the diſgrace of France, ſeems certain, and he takes no meaſures to prevent it. But

Henry can no longer reſiſt the agitation in his own breaſt; royal Majeſty breaks the ſilence, though virtue would ſtill preſerve it. It is not a judge who interrogates, it is a friend who unboſoms himſelf. What a converſation muſt that be between theſe two great ſouls, which malice would have eſtranged, which return to each other as by an irreſiſtible bias, and both of which acknowledge their original ſentiments. Henry IV. had doubted of Sully; but Sully had never entertained a doubt of his royal Maſter. Unconcern, and, perhaps, the pride of an unſullied heart, had cloſed up his lips; but gratitude pre-

cipitates him at the feet of his Sovereign, in ſight of the anxious courtiers. But this noble tranſport may reſemble the humiliation of a criminal. Henry dreads leſt a ſecond outrage ſhould be offered to innocence: *Riſe*, cries he, *riſe*; *they will imagine that I am pardoning you.* (Eloge d'Henri IV. par M. de la Harpe.)

Hiſtory records a circumſtance, which proves, that this Prince was apprehenſive of doing ſomething that might diminiſh the high eſteem which Sully entertained for him. At the ſiege of Laon, in 1595, as Henry inſpected every thing in perſon, he

had fatigued himſelf ſo much upon a very rough piece of ground, that there were ſeveral contuſions on his feet, which, however, did not hinder him from continuing his work, till all the ſores opening, his two feet were ſoon nothing elſe than one great ſore, which obliged him to go to bed, and have them dreſſed. (He had, till then, ſlept upon two mattreſſes laid upon the ground.) The Duke of Sully came to ſee him, and Henry had the dreſſings taken off in his preſence, "in order," ſaid he, "that "that Miniſter may know that I am "not acting the finical man without "reaſon." (*Memoires de Sully.*)

The

The Preſident Jeannin, who, as well as Sully, was one of the Miniſters of Henry IV. enjoyed equally with the Duke the confidence of his royal Maſter, who conſidered him as a ſteady man, and one whoſe fidelity was inviolable. An important affair had been debated in the Council, and the reſolution determined on had tranſpired. Henry complained of this to his Miniſters, who ſeemed deſirous of throwing the blame upon Jeannin; the King immediately taking him by the hand, ſaid, *I anſwer for this good man; let the reſt of you examine yourſelves.*

This Prince ſometimes reproached himſelf with not having done enough for Jeannin, ſaying, "That he gilt "ſeveral of his ſubjects, in order to "hide their malice; but that as for "the Preſident Jeannin, he had been "always receiving benefit from him, "without doing him any in return."

This Miniſter poſſeſſed as much frankneſs as Sully, but, perhaps, more mildneſs and urbanity. This we may eaſily gather from that ingenious ſtroke of Henry, related in the Dictionary already often quoted, under the article *Jeannin*. The King had a mind to ſhew, in a moment, the

the different tempers of his Miniſters to a foreign Ambaſſador. He ſent for them, one after another, and ſaid to them ; *Here is a beam that threatens to fall.* Villeroy, without even looking up at it, adviſed the King to have it changed immediately. Jeannin, after ſurveying it attentively, confeſſed that he did not perceive any fault in it ; but that, to prevent accidents, it ought to be examined by perſons ſkilled in ſuch matters. Sully anſwered abruptly, " Sire, who is it " that could have put you in this " flurry ? the beam will laſt longer " than either you or I."

Henry

Henry always ſhewed great intrepidity and generoſity towards his enemies, even to thoſe who, ſtimulated by a fanatic zeal, wiſhed to take away his life. The hiſtorian Le Grain records an adventure which happened to this Monarch with one Captain Michau, who had pretended to deſert from the Spaniſh ſervice, and go over to that of Henry, in order to find an opportunity of aſſaſſinating him. One day, ſays that hiſtorian, as Henry was hunting in the foreſt of Ailas, he perceives Captain Michau at his heels, well mounted, and with a couple of piſtols cocked and primed: the King was alone,

alone, no aſſiſtance was at hand, as it is the cuſtom of hunters to be ſcattered from one another. Henry, ſeeing Michau approach, ſaid, in a bold and determined manner, *Captain Michau alight; I want to try whether your horſe be as good a one as you ſay he is.* Michau obeyed; the King mounted his horſe, and, taking the two piſtols, ſaid, *Haſt thou a mind to kill any one? I have been told that thou hadſt a deſign to kill me; but it is in my power to kill thee, if I choſe.* As he ſaid this, he fired the two piſtols into the air, and ordered Michau to follow him. The Captain, after many excuſes, took his leave

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in two days after, and never again made his appearance. *(Décade d'Henri le Grand.)*

At the ſiege of Eſſans in Guyenne, a ſoldier, who was on the ramparts, knew Henry by the white ſcarf which he wore, and took aim at him, ſaying, *Here goes at the Bearnois, it will ſoon be all over with him.* Unluckily for himſelf he miſſed his aim. The town was carried by aſſault. The beſiegers found him out, and he was hanged incontinently. The gibbet fell, and the ſoldier would have been ſaved, if a private in the King's army had not ſtabbed him with a poniard.

Henry

Henry heard of this action, and was ſo vexed at it, that he diſcharged the perſon who had given the ſtroke, ſaying, *That it was inhuman to ſnatch away the life of a poor wretch whom accident had ſaved from the nooſe.* (Tablettes Hiſtoriques des Rois de France.)

This Prince was urged to treat with ſeverity ſome places belonging to the League, which he had reduced by force. He contented himſelf with ſaying, " The ſatisfaction derived " from revenge endures but for a " moment; but that which is the " offſpring

"offspring of clemency is eternal."
(Dictionnaire des Hommes Illuſtres.)

The Duke of Mayenne, who was head of the League, and who had preſumed to diſpute the Crown with Henry IV. ſolicited his pardon, and obtained it. It was during the King's retirement at Monceaux, in 1596, that the treaty ſolicited by that Duke was concluded. The firſt two or three days which his Majeſty ſpent at Amiens, the Duke had ſent a perſon, named d'Eſtienne, to aſk him him where it would be agreeable to him that the Duke ſhould come and pay his reſpects. The King appointed

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Monceaux, in order to accommodate the Duke, who was not able to take ſo long a journey as that from Amiens to Soiſſons, where he reſided. The Duke of Mayenne was introduced to the King, while his Majeſty was walking in the ſtar of the Park, attended only by Sully. The Duke put one knee to the ground, and joined to his declaration of fidelity his thanks to his Majeſty, *for having delivered him*, he ſaid, *from the arrogance of Spain, and the cunning of Italy*. Henry, who had advanced to meet him, when he ſaw him approach, embraced him three times, made him riſe inſtantaneouſly, em-

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braced him afreſh with that goodneſs which never held out againſt repentance; then taking him by the hand, he walked with him in the Park, where he diſcourſed to him familiarly upon the embelliſhments he was making. The King walked at ſuch a quick pace, that the Duke of Mayenne, equally troubled with his ſciatica, his fat, and the great heat he was in, dragged his thigh with much difficulty, and ſuffered cruel pain, without once daring to mention it. The King perceived it, ſeeing the Duke red in the face, and in a violent perſpiration; and ſaid to Sully in a whiſper, "If I walk this fat man here

"any

" any longer, it will be an eaſy way " of being revenged for all the miſ- " chiefs he hath done us. Tell truth, " couſin," continued he, addreſſing the Duke of Mayenne, " do I not " walk a little too faſt for you?" The Duke made anſwer, *that he was almoſt ſtifled, and that had his Majeſty held it on but for a little while longer, he would have killed him without intending it.* " By the Lord, couſin," replied the King laughing, as he embraced him and clapped him on the ſhoulder, " this is all the vengeance " I ſhall ever take on you." The Duke of Mayenne, who was affected in a lively manner by this frank be-

haviour of the King, attempted a ſecond time to kneel and kiſs the hand of his Majeſty, and ſwore that he would ever after ſerve him even againſt his own children. "I be-
"lieve it," replied Henry; "and
"that you may be able to love me
"and ſerve me the longer, go reſt
"yourſelf in the caſtle, and take
"ſome refreſhment, for you ſtand in
"great need of it. I will go and order
"you a couple of bottles of the wine
"of Arbois; for I know very well
"that you have no diſlike to it. Here
"is Roſny; he ſhall accompany
"you, and do the honours of the
"houſe, and conduct you to your
"cham-

" chamber; he is one of the oldeſt
" ſervants I have, and one of thoſe
" who have received the moſt plea-
" ſure in ſeeing that you are inclined
" to love and ſerve me with ſince-
" rity." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

In the month of July which followed the King's reconciliation with the Duke of Mayenne, the Pope ſent to France, in quality of Legate, the Cardinal Alexander de Medicis; to whom the King ordered the higheſt honours to be paid. When he heard of his arrival at Chartres, he determined to pay him a viſit; for this purpoſe he took poſt, and brought

with him the Duke of Mayenne, ſaying to him, " Let us go, couſin, " and ſee the Legate; for you have " as much need as I of an abſolu- " tion." This Cardinal had much merit, and had had a conſiderable ſhare in the abſolution which the King obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff. *(Hiſtoire d'Henri IV.)*

Some perſon wiſhing to prevail on this benignant Prince to puniſh the author of a bitter ſatire againſt him, intitled, *The Iſland of Hermaphrodites*; " I could not take it upon my con- " ſcience," ſaid he, " to trouble a " man

"man for telling the truth." *(Pierre Matthieu.)*

When the Parliament, which had held its Seſſions at Tours, during the civil diſturbances of the League, came to pay homage to the King: "Sirs," ſaid he, I beſeech you to "cheriſh no remembrance of what "hath paſſed; I have forgotten and "forgiven the injuries done to my-"ſelf, I exhort you to bury in obli-"vion thoſe which you have re-"ceived."

The Duke of Bouillon, when his Majeſty conſented to his marriage

with the heireſs of Sedan, had engaged to furniſh him with a certain number of troops; but he not only neglected to fulfil his engagement, but daily gave the King new cauſes of diſcontent. At length, the Ducheſs died, and the Duke diſpatched a letter to his Majeſty, in which he informed him, that Madame de Bouillon had made a will, by which ſhe bequeathed to her huſband the principality of Sedan, and all her fortune, and put them under the protection of the King of France; as there was every reaſon to believe that the donation would be diſputed by the collateral relations: *That is to ſay*, exclaimed

claimed the King, *that M. de Bouillon is in great need of my aſſiſtance. Is not this acting like a man of honour?*" (Memoires de Sully.)

When the Admiral de Villars, who had held out many places againſt the King, appeared at Court, Henry ſeemed to have forgotten all the paſt, by the favourable reception which he gave him. That Lord having thrown himſelf at the feet of his royal Maſter, *Monſieur Admiral*, ſaid Henry, embracing him, and mortified at that attitude, *ſuch ſubmiſſion is due to God alone.* (Idem.)

Notice having been given to Henry, that the Prince of Joinville, a giddy and volatile young man, was forming intrigues in Spain by means of the Count de Chamnite, one of the Miniſters of that Court, his Majeſty gave orders that he ſhould be arreſted. When he found himſelf a priſoner, he ſaid, that he was ready to make a full diſcovery, provided it were to the King in perſon, and the Duke of Sully preſent. Joinville was brought before them, and declared every thing they wiſhed to know. Henry thoroughly underſtood the character of this young Prince, and, treating him as he deſerved,

ſerved, ſent for the Ducheſs of Guiſe his mother, and for the Duke of Guiſe his brother, to whom he ſaid in his cloſet, "Here is the prodigal "ſon in perſon; he hath got ſome "fooliſh notions in his head; I treat "him like a child, and pardon him "for your ſakes, and that of M. de "Roſny, who hath interceded for "him in the moſt earneſt manner; "but it is on condition that you "lecture him all three; and that "you, nephew," ſaid he, turning to the Duke of Guiſe, "will be an-"ſwerable for him in future. I give "him in charge to you, that you "may

"s may make him wiſe, if it be poſ-
" ſible." *(Idem.)*

John Duret was phyſician to Charles of Bourbon, Cardinal of Vendôme, the Leader of the Third Party. This phyſician ſaid one day to the Cardinal, ſpeaking of Henry IV. that he ſhould be made to ſwallow *Cæſar's pills*; (three-and-twenty ſtrokes of the dagger which Cæſar received in the Senate) this was repeated to the King by Du Perron. That Monarch ever after entertained an exceſſive hatred to Duret, yet without doing him any miſchief. Mary of Medicis, when ſick, repoſed great confidence

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in this phyſician, on account of his great reputation. Duret having, through her means, petitioned the King for the place of Firſt Phyſician to his Majeſty, vacant by the death of M. de Riviere, that Prince ſaid to thoſe who were mentioning the ſubject, *Tell Duret to be ſatisfied that I ſuffer him to live, and that I am well apprized of the miſchief which he intended for me long ago.* (Manuſcript in 4to.)

He behaved with ſeverity to the Marechal de Biron, who had conſpired againſt him, and refuſed to grant him a pardon; but it was prin-

principally the Marechal's own obſtinacy that ruined him. He was, ſays Le Laboureur, of a proud and haughty ſpirit, that was almoſt ungovernable, took no pleaſure but in things that were difficult and nearly impoſſible, and was envious of the greatneſs of others. At the battle of Fontaine Françoiſe, the King reſcued the Marechal de Biron from the very midſt of the Arquebuſſes. One of his Majeſty's ſervants ſaid, that he had hazarded too much, in throwing himſelf in the midſt of the enemy. "That is true," anſwered Henry, "but if I do not ſo, and neglect to "puſh forward, the Marechal de

"Biron

" Biron will take advantage of it all
" his life." *(Pierre Matthieu.)*

When ſuſpicions were firſt intimated to Henry concerning Biron's connections with the enemies of the State, he was unwilling to give credit to them. Some papers, however, of the utmoſt importance, having been put into his hands, that Prince, who ſo little merited to be deceived, ſoon beheld all the horror of the plot which was hatching againſt him. Henry, concealing his knowledge of theſe particulars, wrote to the Marechal, who was in Burgundy, to come up to Court. Biron made ſeveral excuſes

excuſes to put off the journey; at length go he muſt. He found the King at Fontainebleau. As ſoon as that Prince perceived him, he advanced haſtily to meet him, and embraced him, ſaying, *Couſin, you have done well in coming, for otherwiſe I ſhould have gone to look for you.* The Marechal abounded in apologies, but the King, without manifeſting the ſlighteſt diſcontent, began to converſe with him with his uſual familiarity. He took him by the hand, walked out with him into the gardens, explained to him his different projects, as to a friend and an equal. This good Prince was in hopes that

Biron, from the bare preſence of a Sovereign by whom he was beloved, and whom he was plotting to betray, would feel rekindled in his breaſt thoſe ſentiments of zeal, fidelity, and obedience, with which the meaneſt Frenchman is animated for his King. But when Henry came to touch upon the grand buſineſs in agitation, Biron, not imagining that the King knew as much as he ſaid he did, was not ſatisfied with a modeſt denial of the charge; he told the King that, having nothing to reproach himſelf with, he ſtood in no need of forgiveneſs; that he was not come to juſtify himſelf, but to learn the

the names of his accuſers; and that, if juſtice was not done him, he ſhould know how to obtain it himſelf. The King, far from approving the inſolence of ſuch diſcourſe, even though the man who uttered it had been innocent, yet continued to addreſs him with the ſame mildneſs. He had ſeveral other ſuch conferences with the Marechal, ſtill hoping to bring him to a confeſſion, which would leave Henry room to exerciſe his clemency towards that unhappy Lord, once his friend. In fine, the King, diſguſted one day by his rhodomontades and his obſtinacy, quitted him, with theſe expreſſions, *Well, we*

muſt

muſt endeavour to learn the truth elſe-where. Adieu, Baron de Biron. Theſe words were as a flaſh of light-ning, the fore-runner of the thun-derbolt which was to cruſh him; the King thus degrading him from the many eminent dignities with which he had been inveſted. The ſame day, the Count of Soiſſons ex-horted him to make a confeſſion of the truth, and concluded his remon-ſtrance with this ſentence of the wiſe man, *The King's anger is the meſſenger of death.* (Hiſtoire d'Henri IV. par Perefixe.)

After dinner, ſays Septenaire, Biron went to look for the King, who was taking a turn in his great hall; ſhewing Biron his ſtatue in *relievo*, as if triumphing and ſurrounded by victories, he ſaid to him, *Well, couſin, if the King of Spain had ſeen me thus, what would he have ſaid?* The other anſwered careleſsly, *Sire, he would not fear you*; which expreſſions were taken notice of by all the courtiers preſent. The King caſt a ſevere glance at him, which he perceived; then, ſuddenly giving a new dreſs to what he had uttered, he added, *I mean, Sire, as to this ſtatue, but not as to this perſon.* (Matthieu.)

Henry

Henry aſſembled his Council, and having laid upon the table the different papers relative to the conſpiracy, expreſſed himſelf as follows with reſpect to the Marechal; "I wiſh not to ruin "this man; but he ſeems bent upon "his own deſtruction; however, "let me not loſe him, if you deem "him not deſerving of death; I "would once more tell him, that if "he comes before a court of juſtice, "he muſt expect no favour whatſoever from me." The King's Miniſters took ſtrict cognizance of every part of the proceſs. They wiſhed to ſecond the King's good intentions towards Biron; but, being

called upon to give their opinions according to conſcience and the laws, there was no manner of heſitation amongſt them; they pronounced unanimouſly that the culprit merited death. The King immediately took his reſolution in conſequence of this terrible reſponſe. Biron was arreſted; and, his trial being concluded, he was beheaded upon a ſcaffold erected in one of the courts of the Baſtile. *(Dictionnaire cité.)*

Previous to his being arreſted, ſome one ſaid to Henry one day, that the Marechal de Biron played very well at tennis: the King, who had already

already diſcovered the conſpiracy, made anſwer; "It is true, he plays "well, but he makes his matches very "ill." *(Tablettes Hiſtoriques des Rois de France.)*

Henry, ſpeaking of Biron, often repeated theſe expreſſions; "His ob- "ſtinacy hath ruined him; had he "confeſſed the truth of a circum- "ſtance of which I had proof under "his hand, he would not be where "he is. I would have given two "hundred thouſand crowns, that he "had left room for me to pardon "him. He hath done me good ſer-

"vice; but I have ſaved his life "three times." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

Henry granted the forfeited property of the Marechal to his brother; and as ſeveral Magiſtrates repreſented to him that ſuch grants were contrary to cuſtom, and that too much care could not be taken to deter men from ſuch attempts as had given riſe to that confiſcation: "This is very good rea-"ſoning," anſwered Henry; "but "I hope that the death of the guilty "Marechal will ſerve for a leſſon to "his brother, and that my kindneſs "will attach him to me." *(Idem.)*

Henry

Henry, who knew the full value of courage, had a particular eſteem for brave men. He cauſed to be inrolled among his body guards a ſoldier, who had given him ſome hard knocks upon an important occaſion: this intrepid fellow was ever preſent to his memory. He ſhewed him one day to the Marechal d'Eſtrées, and ſaid with an air of complacency, *Here is the ſoldier who wounded me at the battle of Aumale.* (Dictionnaire des Hommes Illuſtres.)

When eight Gentlemen of Perigord, whoſe faces were much marked with the wounds which they had

received in his ſervice, were introduced to him; "I am delighted to "ſee them," ſaid Henry; "but I "would much rather ſee thoſe who "put them into this condition."

Henry was particularly fond of the Nobility. He had ſeen them perform ſuch great exploits during the war, that he was never tired repeating, that with them nothing was impoſſible to him. A Spaniſh Ambaſſador one day was teſtifying his ſurprize, at ſeeing Henry encompaſſed and crowded by ſuch a multitude of Gentlemen. *Had you ſeen me in a day of battle,* replied the Monarch

 quickly,

quickly, *they then thronged about me a great deal more.*

Whenever this Prince gave his word, he generally added, *On the Faith of a Gentleman.* (Memoires de Sully.)

We are all Gentlemen, he would ſometimes ſay before the Princes of the Blood.

One day, Henry obſerving with the ſon of La Varenne, a man of whom he had no knowledge, aſked the father of what condition the man

man was. *Sire*, anſwered La Varenne, *he is a Gentleman whom I have placed about my ſon.* "How!" ſaid Henry, "placing your ſon about a "Gentleman, I can very well com- "prehend; but, placing a Gentle- "man about your ſon, is what I can- "not comprehend." This La Varenne, whom the King had made his Cloak-bearer, afterwards a Counſellor of State, and Comptroller-General of the Poſts, had been, in his early days, a kitchen boy to Madame Catherine, the King's ſiſter. That Princeſs accordingly ſaid, *that La Varenne had got more by carrying her brother's*

brother's pullets, than by larding her's.* (D'Aubigné.)

Henry IV. loved to render juſtice, and was not covetous of the eulogiums he merited. While he was beſieging Dreux, he ſent word to the Duke of Sully, that the army of the Duke of Mayenne, which had formed a junction with the Spaniards, was advancing to give him battle. The letter concluded with theſe words: "I conjure you, then, to come, and "bring with you whatever you can, "eſpecially your own company, and

* *Poulets*, the word in the original likewiſe ſignifies *Love-letters*.

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"the

" the two companies of horſe arque-
" buſiers of Badet and of James,
" which I left with you; for I know
" them, and would wiſh to make uſe
" of them." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

One day, preſenting the Marechal de Biron to Cardinal Aldobrandin, he ſpoke theſe words ſo flattering to Biron; " My Lord Cardinal, this is " Marechal de Biron, whom I am " happy to preſent both to my friends " and my enemies."

Henry III. had given Crillon the ſurname of *Brave*; Henry IV. never called him any thing but *Brave des braves.*

braves. This illuſtrious Captain being in the King's cloſet, where his Majeſty was converſing with ſeveral Lords and foreign Miniſters, the diſcourſe turned upon the praiſes of great warriors. *Gentlemen*, ſaid the King, laying his hand on Crillon's ſhoulder, *here is the firſt warrior in the world.* "Sire," replied Crillon haſtily, with that tone which was peculiar to him, "you have told a falſehood; it is you "who are the firſt, I am only the "ſecond." *(Vie du brave Crillon.)*

This peculiar mode of expreſſing himſelf was more pleaſing to the King, than the moſt ſtudied eulogiums.

giums. Crillon joined to his courage and frankneſs a great degree of diſintereſtedneſs: he ſaw, without complaining, rebellious ſubjects in the enjoyment of thoſe honours and dignities which he himſelf had merited. His zeal for his royal Maſter never cooled; that Prince, therefore, in order to juſtify himſelf for having done nothing in his favour, often ſaid; *I was ſure of the brave Crillon; and had to gain over all thoſe who perſecuted me.* (Idem.)

A courtier's retreat is generally followed by the moſt complete oblivion: it was reſerved for the brave Crillon

Crillon to form an exception to this rule. Henry not only preſerved for him a ſteady eſteem and friendſhip, but even made ſeveral efforts to recall him, by writing to him the moſt preſſing letters. "Brave Crillon," remarks this Prince to him, "I am "heartily rejoiced at this opportunity "of aſſuring you more and more of "the continuation of my friendſhip, "and requeſt that you will ſet a va- "lue on it, and come and ſee me as "ſoon as you can; for I aſſure you "that you will find more ſatisfaction "near me, than in the place where "you may be at preſent. Believe

"this,

" this, I intreat you. *Adieu, brave* " *Crillon.*"

His wounds prevented his returning to Court. The King, who was ignorant of his ſituation, was impatient for his arrival; and, to haſten his departure from Avignon, wrote to him in theſe terms: " Brave Cril- " lon, you have forgot your Maſter " and your friends; I wiſh you " would not—It is a long time ſince " your coming was announced; but " I will believe nothing until I ſee " you, and embrace you. *Adieu,* " *brave Crillon.*" (Vie du brave Crillon.)

This

This Prince, ſpeaking of Leſdiguieres, ſaid, " I wiſh I had as " many Leſdiguieres as there are " grains in a pomegranate. Leſdi- " guieres is a creature of my own; " he never had any other Maſter than " myſelf; he firſt ate brown bread, " as I did, and now eats white." *(Pierre Matthieu.)*

The Pope's Nuncio aſked Henry, how many times he had made war? " All my life," anſwered that great Monarch; " and my armies never " had any other General than my- " ſelf." *(Folard, Commentaires ſur Polybe.)*

There is a pleaſure in following great men, and particularly ſuch a man as Henry IV. even into their domeſtic ſcenes. We like to ſurvey him in his *diſhabille*, to liſten to his moſt familiar converſations. One day, in the ſummer of 1601, this Prince had been at the chace very early, and entered the Louvre in a temper of mind, which his good health and the proſperous ſituation of his affairs rendered ſtill more gay; he went up into the grand hall holding ſome partridges which he had taken. Perceiving Coquet, one of the Mâitres d'Hotel, he cried out to him, " Coquet, Coquet, you need

" not

" not complain about a dinner for
" Roquelaure, Termes, Fontenac,
" Rambures, and me, for we bring
" wherewithal to treat ourſelves; but
" go directly and get ready the ſpit,
" and, reſerving their part, ſee that
" there be eight for my wife and
" me. Bonneval here ſhall bring
" her ſhare from me, and ſhall tell
" her that I am going to drink her
" health. But I will have thoſe kept
" for me that are a little pinched by
" the hawk; for there are three very
" fat ones which I took from them,
" and which they had touched but
" little." As this Prince was making the diviſion, La Cliele and Parfait,

two of his officers, came up; the latter carried a very large gilt baſin, covered with a napkin: he cried out twice, *Sire, kneel and reverence me; for I have got here a great number of them, and very good ones too.* "Par-" fait is in high ſpirits," ſaid the King; "this will give him another "inch of fat upon the ribs; I per-" ceive that he hath brought me "ſome good melons; I am glad of "it, for I will eat my fill of them "to-day; they never do me any "harm, when they are right good, "and when I eat them with a great "appetite, and before meat, as the "phyſicians order me. But you

" four ſhall have ſhare; ſo don't go " after the partridges, until you have " firſt had your melons; I will give " them to you, after I have kept my " wife's ſhare and my own, and " ſome to give away to thoſe whom " I promiſed them to." As he entered his apartment, he ſaw Fourcy, Beringhen, and La Font, come in; the laſt had a large pacquet wrapped up. " La Font," ſays Henry, " are " you bringing me already ſome ra- " goût for my dinner?" *Yes, Sire,* anſwered Beringhen; *but theſe are hollow viands, that are only good to regale the ſight.* " That is not what " I want," replied his Majeſty, " for

" I am dying of hunger, and wiſh
" to dine before I do any thing elſe.
" But yet, La Font, what is that?"
Sire, ſays Fourcy, *theſe are patterns of different kinds of ſtuffs, carpets, and tapeſtry, which ſome of your beſt manufacturers are attempting to make.* The King replied, " This will be a
" good thing after dinner, to ſhew to
" my wife; and this puts me in mind
" of a perſon with whom I do not
" always agree in every particular,
" eſpecially when the queſtion turns
" upon what you know he calls *baw-*
" *bles* and *trifles*. He often tells me,
" that nothing appears in his eyes
" fine or well wrought, which coſts
" double

" double its real value; and that I " ought to think the ſame of all mer- " chandize that is extravagantly dear. " I am not ignorant why or where- " fore he ſays this; but I do not let " him ſee it: we muſt hear him " ſpeak, for he is not a man that " waſtes words. Fourcy ſend for " him with all ſpeed, or rather let " one of my coaches, or your own, " be diſpatched for him." This was the Duke of Sully, who was ſent for to the houſe of Madame de Guiſe, where he dined. Being come immediately to the Louvre, when Henry ſaw him enter the apartment, where he was ſtill at table, he ſaid to him,

"Is it poſſible that you have not "come from the arſenal?" *It is true, Sire*, anſwered Sully, *I have been dining with Madame de Guiſe.* "That fa- "mily," replied the King, "is re- "lated to you, and bears a ſtrong "affection to you, at which I much "rejoice; for I am perſuaded, that "as long as they are adviſed by you, "which they tell me they are re- "ſolved to be, they will never do "any thing to hurt either my per- "ſon or my kingdom." *Sire*, ſaid Sully, *your Majeſty ſays this in ſo handſome a manner, that I plainly ſee you are in a good humour, and better ſatisfied with me than you have been*

for

for this fortnight paſt. "What! you "ſtill remember that," interrupted the good Prince: "Now it is quite "otherwiſe with me. Don't you "know that our petty piques ought "never to laſt above four-and-twenty "hours? I know that that did not "hinder you, the very next day "after I quarrelled with you, from "ſtriking out ſomething beneficial "for my finances. I have not found "myſelf in ſuch good ſpirits," continued Henry with the ſame gaiety, "for above theſe three months; for "I mounted my horſe without aſ-"ſiſtance and without a horſe-block. "I have had an excellent day's ſport.

"My

" My hawks flew ſo well, my grey-
" hounds ran ſo well, that thoſe
" caught abundance of partridges,
" and theſe three great leverets. I
" have eaten excellent melons, and
" exceeding good quails; and, to
" ſhew you," continued the Monarch, " that all things conſpire to
" put me in good-humour, they ſend
" me word from Provence, that the
" diſturbances at Marſeilles are en-
" tirely appeaſed, and from ſeveral
" other provinces, that there never
" hath been ſo plentiful a year, and
" that my people will be rich, if I
" give them liberty of exportation.
" I have received advices from Italy,

" that

" that things there are in ſuch a
" train, that I am likely to have the
" glory of reconciling the Pope and
" the Venetians. Bongars lets me
" know from Germany, that the
" Landgrave of Heſſe is every day
" acquiring for me new friends, al-
" lies, and faithful ſervants. Buzen-
" vola writes to Villeroy, that the
" Spaniards and the Flemings are
" reduced to ſuch a degree of weak-
" neſs, that they will be obliged to
" think of a peace or a truce, of
" which I muſt of courſe be the
" Mediator or the Guarantee; and that
" this will pave the way for my be-
" coming the arbiter of Chriſten-
" dom.

" dom. To complete my ſatis-
" faction," added his Majeſty, with
a mirthful air, " here am I at table,
" ſurrounded by theſe perſons whom
" you ſee, of whoſe affection I am
" well aſſured, and whom you deem
" to be thoroughly capable of diſ-
" courſing to me upon uſeful or en-
" tertaining ſubjects: nevertheleſs, I
" will not ſuffer every thing which
" they ſay to me, to paſs without
" contradiction. I declare," conti-
tinued this beſt of Princes, " that
" all their praiſes ſhall not hinder
" me from knowing my own faults;
" and, that as for their compliments
" on my good fortune, if they had

" been

" been always about my perſon ſince
" the death of the King my father,
" they would have found that they
" muſt make conſiderable abatements,
" and that my moments of miſery
" have far ſurpaſſed thoſe of my
" happineſs." The King concluded with this reflection; " That ſtill he
" had not ſuffered ſo much from his
" avowed enemies, as from the in-
" gratitude and deſertion of many of
" thoſe who called themſelves his
" friends and allies, or his ſubjects
" and ſervants."

This diſcourſe, which, merry at firſt, had in the end become ſerious, was

was interrupted by the appearance of the Queen, who was paſſing from her chamber to her cloſet. The King roſe from table to meet her, ſaying to her, as ſoon as he perceived her at a diſtance, "Well, my dear, "did I not ſend you good melons, "good partridges, and good quails? "If your appetite hath been as keen "as mine, you have made an excel-"lent dinner; for I never ate ſo "much, nor was in ſo good a hu-"mour; aſk Roſny, and he will tell "you the cauſe, and will relate to "you all the good news that I have "received." The Queen, who like-wiſe found herſelf agreeably diſpoſed, made

made anſwer, that, in order to contribute her ſhare to his Majeſty's amuſement, ſhe had cauſed a ballet and a comedy to be got up; the ballet repreſenting *the happineſs of the Golden Age*, and the comedy *the different diverſions of the four ſeaſons*. "How glad am I, my dear," ſaid Henry, "to ſee you in ſuch good "humour; let us live, I beſeech "you, always in this manner." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

It frequently happened that Henry ſtraggled from his attendants at the chace, and mixed familiarly amongſt ſuch perſons as he chanced to meet,

in

in order to learn what was ſaid of him. This popular condeſcenſion ſometimes drew him into pleaſant adventures, from which he always came off like a man of wit. One day, having wandered from his company, he made towards the neareſt village, entered the beſt inn in the place, and ſat down at a Table d'Hote along with ſeveral tradeſmen, without being known to them. After dinner, the converſation turned upon ſtate affairs, and Henry talked of news from Court and from the King. Each gave his opinion, and at length the King's converſion became the topic. A grazier, who ſate near him,

ſaid,

ſaid, *Let us not talk of that; the caſk ſmells always of the herring.* Soon after the King riſes from table, pays his reckoning, and places himſelf at the window. Immediately he ſees ſome Lords, who were come to look for their dinner at the village; he calls out to them, and deſires them to come up. Thoſe who had dined with the King, now knew him by the reſpectful manner in which the courtiers approached him: they were ſtruck dumb, and could have wiſhed that they had not ſpoken their minds ſo freely. The King, without ſhewing the leaſt reſentment for what they had ſaid to him, clapped the grazier

on the ſhoulder, as he was going away, and ſaid to him, "Honeſt "man, the caſk ſmells always of the "herring on your ſide, and not on "mine; for you have ſtill ſome of "the bad leaven of the League in "you." *(Mercure François.)*

The author of the Journal juſt quoted, relates another circumſtance of which he had been a witneſs: "The laſt time," ſays he, "that I "ſaw him paſs, was in the ferry-"boat at Neuilly, which happened "to be crowded with country people. "He immediately puſhed in amongſt "them, and aſked one about one

" thing, and another about another.
" He ſaw there a man with white
" hair and a black beard, and aſked
" him the reaſon of that difference.
" The ſly country fellow pretended
" that he did not know; but, his
" Majeſty preſſing him for an anſwer,
" he ſaid, *Sire, it is becauſe my hair*
" *is twenty years older than my beard.*
" The King laughed very heartily at
" this anſwer, and thought it ſo good,
" that he told it ſeveral times after-
" wards."

The following little hiſtory is extracted from the Journal of L'Etoile, who ſays he had it from a friend, to

whom the Sieur de Vitry, one of the King's officers, had related it. Henry hunting near Groſbois, ſeparated from his company, as often was the caſe, and came alone to Creteil. He arrived there about dinner-time, as hungry as a hunter, and having entered an inn, aſked the hoſteſs if ſhe could get him any thing for dinner? She anſwered, no, and that he was come too late. At that ſame moment Henry ſaw ſome roaſt meat upon the ſpit, and aſked her whom it was for? The hoſteſs told him, that it was for ſome perſons above ſtairs, and that ſhe believed they were attornies. The King, whom ſhe ſuppoſed to be a

private

private individual, as he was unattended, begged that ſhe would go up and tell them, that there was an honeſt Gentleman juſt come, who was very tired and very hungry, and that he requeſted they would let him have a piece of their roaſt meat for his money, or that they would let him have a corner at their table, and he would pay his ſhare of the reckoning. This they flatly refuſed, ſaying, that as to their roaſt meat there was not a bit too much for themſelves; and that, as to dining with them, they had buſineſs together, and were inclined to be a ſelect party. Henry, upon receiving this anſwer,

aſked the hoſteſs for ſome boy to go of an errand for him. He gave this meſſenger a piece of money, and ſent him to the Sieur de Vitry, whom he mentioned by a different name, and deſcribed by a great red riding-coat which he wore; the meſſage was, that the Maſter of the great horn wanted to ſee him incontinently. The boy gave the meſſage, and the Sieur de Vitry, knowing by the language, that the King was the perſon who had ſent him, came immediately, accompanied by eight or ten others. His Majeſty acquainted Vitry with his misfortune, and with the vile behaviour of the attornies, and com-

miſſioned him to go and ſeize them, and bring them to Groſbois, where he would not fail to have them well whipped, and their hides curried, in order to teach them to behave better another time to Gentlemen. This the ſaid Sieur de Vitry ſaw performed without delay, notwithſtanding all the arguments, ſupplications, remonſtrances, and objections of Meſſieurs the attornies.

The ſame Prince, who was accuſtomed to take ſolitary walks in the foreſt of Villers-Cotteretz, in that part which lies near the gardens of the Caſtle, one day met the Deputy

of the inhabitants of Puyſieux loaded with a ſack of oats, the weight of which ſeemed very much to incommode him. The King aſked him what he was carrying, and whither he was going. The ruſtic explained the matter to him, and added, that if *the King with the long noſe* did right, (he meant Henry by this expreſſion, who was at that time married to Margaret Ducheſs of Valois) he would eaſe him of the trouble of carrying on his back, every year, a ſack of oats. The clown, who did not know the King, paſſed on, and Henry continued his walk. The day after this adventure, the King

ſent

ſent for the man, who, ſurprized at ſuch a ſummons, trembled upon recognizing in the King himſelf, the perſon to whom he had ſpoken ſo cavalierly the day before. Henry bade him not be alarmed, and told him, that he ſent for him in order to acquaint him, that, for the future, he would ſend to Puyſieux for the oats due as rent, in order to ſave him the trouble of carrying them on his back. The Monarch's promiſe was performed, and to this day the Community of Puyſieux is exempted from the obligation of carrying oats to the public granaries of the

the Duchy of Valois. (*Hiſtoire du Duché de Valois.*)

When Henry was only yet King of Navarre and Duke of Albret, he reſided at Nerac, a little town in Gaſcony. He lived like a plain Gentleman, and hunted often in the Landes, a diſtrict abounding in all ſorts of game. In the midſt of the diverſion, he frequently went to reſt himſelf, and take ſome refreſhment, at the cottage of a *Berret*; (this is a name given to the peaſants of Béran, from a woollen bonnet of a particular ſhape, which they generally wear.) No ſooner did this new

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Philemon and his wife perceive the King coming at a diſtance, than they haſtened forward to meet him; and, each taking one of his hands, repeated, in their *Patois*, * with ſatisfaction pictured in their countenances, *Good morrow, my Henry; good morrow, my Henry.* They led him in triumph into their cot, and made him ſit down on a bench. The Berret went to draw ſome of his beſt wine, his wife brought in her wooden tray ſome bread and cheeſe. Henry, more pleaſed with the good-will and the ſimplicity of his hoſts, than he would have been with the moſt delicate en-

* The low dialect of the country.

tertain-

tertainment, ate with a good appetite, and converſed with them familiarly upon matters ſuited to their capacity. When this meal was at end, he took leave of the good couple, promiſing to come to them as often as the chace ſhould lead him to that quarter; which frequently was the caſe. After he had obtained peaceable poſſeſſion of the Throne of France, the Berret and his wife heard of the event with a degree of joy which it is not eaſy to expreſs. They recollected that he had eaten of their cheeſes with pleaſure; and, as that was the only preſent in their power to offer him, they packed up two dozen of the beſt

in

in a pannier. The Berret determined upon being the carrier himſelf, embraced his wife, and departed. At the end of three weeks he arrived in Paris, ran directly to the Louvre, ſaid to the centinel in his dialect, *I want to ſee our Henry, our wife ſends him ſome fromages de vache.* * The centinel, ſurprized at the ſtrange dreſs, and ſtill more at the jargon of the man, which he did not underſtand, ſuppoſed he was a fool, and puſhed him back, giving him ſome knocks with his fuſil. The Berret, in great trouble, and already repenting of his journey, goes down into the Court-

* Cheeſe made of cow's milk.

yard,

yard, and aſks himſelf what could have drawn upon him ſo unpleaſant a reception, when he was come with a preſent for the King? After conſidering a long time, it at laſt came into his head, that it was becauſe he had ſaid *fromages de vache*; and he was determined to correct his miſtake. While the good man is occupied with theſe reflections, Henry, happening to look through the window, ſees the Berret walking in the court. His dreſs, which was known to him, ſtruck him immediately; and, yielding to his curioſity, he ordered the peaſant to be called up. The latter throws himſelf at the King's feet,

feet, embraces his knees, and ſays to him affectionately, *Good morrow, my Henry, our wife ſends you ſome fromages de bœuf.* * The King, aſhamed that one of his countrymen ſhould make ſo groſs a blunder in the preſence of the whole Court, ſtooped down, and ſaid to him in a low voice, *Say, fromages de vache.* The peaſant, who ſtill thinking of the treatment he had received, made anſwer in his Patois; "I would not adviſe you, "my Henry, to ſay *fromages de* "*vache*; for I made uſe of that mode "of ſpeaking at the door of your "chamber, and a great wag, dreſſed

* Ox cheeſe.

"in

" in blue, gave me a ſcore of knocks " with his fuſil, and the like might " happen to you." The King laughed exceedingly at the ſimplicity of the good man, accepted his cheeſes, loaded him with favours, and made his fortune, and that of all his family. *(Hiſtoire d'Henri IV.)*

A few days previous to the battle of Ivri, Henry came one evening *incognito* to Alençon, with few attendants, and alighted at the houſe of an officer who was very much attached to him. The officer was abſent, and his wife, who did not know the King, received him as one

of

of the chief perſons in the army, that is to ſay, in the beſt manner ſhe could, and with the heartier welcome; as he ſaid he was a friend of her huſband. However, towards the evening, the King thinking he perceived ſymptoms of uneaſineſs in his hoſteſs, ſaid, "What is the matter, Madam? "Am I troubleſome to you at pre- "ſent? As night approaches, I find "you leſs cheerful. Speak freely, "and be aſſured that it is not my "intention to put you to the ſlighteſt "inconvenience." "Sir," anſwered the Lady, "I will frankly confeſs "to you the kind of embarraſſment "in which I find myſelf. This is

" Thurſday ; if you know any thing
" of this province, you will not be
" ſurprized at the difficulty which
" I find in providing, as well as I
" could wiſh, for your ſupper. I
" have ſent to ſearch the whole town,
" but in vain, there is literally nothing
" to be had, and you ſee me in a
" ſtate of deſpair. One of my neigh-
" bours, indeed, ſays he hath a fat
" turkey hanging up, which he will
" readily let me have, on condition
" that he may come and eat ſhare
" of it. This condition appeared to
" me the more hard, as the man is,
" in fact, nothing more than a ſub-
" ſtantial mechanic, whom I would
" not

" not take the liberty of ſetting down
" to table with you; and who, how-
" ever, is ſo tenacious of his turkey,
" that no offers I make him, can
" prevail on him to part with it on
" any other terms. And this, Sir,
" is the real cauſe of my inquietude."
Is this man a good companion? ſaid
the King. " Yes, Sir, he is the wit
" of the neighbourhood; an honeſt
" man too, a ſtaunch Frenchman,
" a moſt zealous royaliſt, and in very
" comfortable circumſtances." " Oh,
" Madam, let us have him! I feel
" myſelf very hungry, and were he
" even to prove dull company, it is
" better to ſup with him, than not

" to have any ſupper at all." The citizen being invited, came in his Sunday cloaths, with his turkey: while it was roaſting, he converſed in the moſt lively manner, diſplayed the greateſt fund of native humour, told all the ſcandal of the town, ſeaſoned his accounts with the moſt pleaſant and witty ſallies, in fine, diverted the King ſo highly, that that Prince, though dying with hunger, waited for ſupper without impatience. The man's gaiety, though he played his part very well at the turkey, ſo far from forſaking him, rather increaſed during the repaſt. The good King laughed moſt heartily, and the more

he

he enjoyed himſelf, the more did the jovial and happy gueſt redouble his ſtrokes of merriment. When his Majeſty roſe from table, the honeſt citizen falling ſuddenly at his feet, cried, "Sire, forgive me; this day "is undoubtedly the happieſt of my "life. I ſaw your Majeſty paſs by, "as you arrived in this town; I was "exceedingly rejoiced to ſee you; "I ſaid nothing of it even to Madam "here, when I ſaw that ſhe did not "know our noble King—your par-"don, Sire, your pardon—I at-"tempted to amuſe you for a little "while; I might, doubtleſs, have "been leſs worthy, and your Ma-

" jeſty would not have enjoyed the " ſurprize of Madam my neighbour " here." By this time, the Lady was at the King's feet likewiſe; but he bade them both riſe with that goodneſs which formed the baſis of his character. " No, Sire," cried the citizen, who would continue on his knees, " no, Sire, I will remain " where I am, until your Majeſty " vouchſafes to liſten to me for an " inſtant." *Well, ſpeak then*, ſaid the Monarch, highly delighted with this ſcene. " Sire," ſaid the man to him with an air and tone equally ſerious and grave, " the glory of my King " is dear to me, and I cannot think

" with-

" without ſorrow, how much ſullied
" it muſt be in ſuffering ſuch a pi-
" tiful fellow as I am to ſit at table
" with you—I ſee but one method
" of preventing the diſgrace." *What is it?* replied Henry. " It is," rejoined the citizen, " to grant me a " patent of Nobility."—*What? to you!*—" Why not, Sire? though " formerly an artiſan, I am a French-" man; I have a heart as well as " another; I think myſelf worthy " of it at leaſt by my loyal attach-" ment to my King." *Very well, friend!—But what arms will you take?* " My turkey; for that mat-" ter, it hath done me this day but

" too much honour." *Be it ſo then*, cried the Monarch in a roar of laughter; *Ventre-ſaint-gris, thou ſhalt be a Gentleman, and ſhalt bear thy turkey in pale.** Subſequent to this adventure, whether it was that this citizen was already rich, or that he afterwards became ſo, he purchaſed, near Alençon, an eſtate which was erected into a Seigniory bearing his name, which he would never conſent to change. His deſcendents are actually in poſſeſſion of it at this day, and really bear, for their coat of arms, *a turkey in pale.* (Mercure de France.)

* The *Pale*, in heraldry, is the third and middle part of the eſcutcheon.

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In December, 1609, Henry, at a hunting match, followed the ſtag with ſo much ardour, that he loſt his company, and did not reach Meudon till it was late. He diſperſed his ſuite amongſt the different inns, and went to the houſe of a citizen of Paris who reſided at Meudon. He found the maſter at ſupper with his family. He would not ſuffer them to make any addition to their repaſt, ſat down to table, without letting any one ſtir from his place, ate and drank with a very good appetite, and went to bed. He did not wake the next day till it was very late, and ſaid to the Lords who compoſed his ſuite,

ſuite, *that he had never reſted ſo well, nor ſlept ſo ſoundly.* (Tablettes Hiſtoriques des Rois de France.)

Henry, after converſing with a vine-dreſſer of Bléſſois, who was ignorant of his quality, concluded the diſcourſe with aſking the vine-dreſſer how much he made by a day's work?—"Forty ſols."—*What do you do with that money?*—"I di-"vide it into four parts."—*And how do you diſpoſe of thoſe four parts?*—"With the firſt I feed myſelf, with "the ſecond I pay my debts, I put "the third out to intereſt, and the "fourth I throw away."—*This is all a riddle*

a riddle to me.—" I will explain it
" to you. You underſtand that I
" begin with applying one quarter to
" my own ſupport; another quarter
" ſerves for the ſupport of my father
" and mother, who ſupported me;
" the third quarter is employed in
" the maintenance of my children,
" who one day will maintain me;
" the laſt part is for the King, who
" receives nothing of it, or what is
" next to nothing; therefore it is loſt
" both to him and to me."

Soon after the peace of Vervins, this Prince returning from the chace, clad plainly, and attended by only

two or three Gentlemen, croſſed the river at the quay Malaquais, at the ſpot where we croſs at this day. Obſerving that the boatman did not know him, he aſked him what the people ſaid of the peace? "Faith, "I know not what to think of this "ſame fine peace," anſwered the boatman; "every thing is taxed, even "to this poor old boat, with which "I ſtruggle to gain a livelihood." *And does not the King*, continued Henry, *mean to put thoſe taxes in better order?* "The King is a good "man," replied the clown; "but "he hath a miſtreſs who muſt have "ſo many fine robes, and ſo many

"toys

" toys and waſhes, and it is we who
" muſt pay for all theſe! yet this
" might paſs, if ſhe was his only;
" but they ſay that ſhe gives her fa-
" vours to many more beſides."
Henry, who had been much diverted with this converſation, ſent for the boatman the next day, and made him repeat before the Ducheſs of Beaufort,* all that he had ſaid the day preceding. The Ducheſs, in a rage, would have had him hanged. " You
" are a fool," ſaid the King to her;
" this is only a poor devil, whom
" want hath put out of humour. I
" intend that he ſhall no longer be

* Gabrielle d'Eſtrées.

taxed

"taxed for his wherry, and I am "ſure that he will ſing every day, "*Vive Henri, Vive Gabrielle.*" (Sauval, & Eſſais Hiſtoriques ſur Paris.)

The ſame Prince, being at a hunting match in the Vendômois, and ſeparated from his attendants, met a countryman ſitting at the foot of a tree. *What art thou doing there?* ſaid Henry IV. to him. *Ma finte, Sir, I was there to ſee the King paſs by.* "If thou wilt mount upon the crup-"per of my horſe," added the Monarch, "I will conduct thee to a place, "where thou ſhalt ſee him at thy "eaſe." The peaſant mounted, and

while

while they were on their way, aſked how he ſhould be able to diſtinguiſh the King? "Thou needeſt look only "at him who ſhall have his hat on, "while all the reſt are bare-headed." The King rejoins the chace, and all the Lords ſalute him. "Well," ſays he to the countryman, "which is "the King?" *Ma finte, Sir*, replied the ruſtic, *it muſt be either you or I; for only we two have our hats on.* (Lettres récréatives et morales, par le Marquis Caraccioli.)

This gaiety was ſo natural to Henry, that even ſickneſs, or various unpleaſant accidents, could not deprive

prive him of it. He ſometimes was attacked by the gout. "I had gone "to the arſenal with my wife," ſaid he one day merrily, talking of one of thoſe attacks; "Sully ſaid "to me, Sire, you have money here, "and you never ſee it: in fact, I "content myſelf with knowing that "I have it, without taking any plea- "ſure in looking at it. We went "to the Baſtile, and he ſhewed us "in what manner the treaſure was "laid up: I aſſure you that at that "moment the gout ſeized me, and "made me remember the proverb, "*They who have the gout have mo-* "*ney.*" (Matthieu.)

On

On Friday the 9th of June, 1606, the King and Queen croſſing the ferry at Neuilly, in returning from St. Germain-en-Laye, and accompanied by M. de Vendôme, were near being drowned, particularly the Queen, who drank more than ſhe had a mind for; and, had it not been for a footman, and a Gentleman named La Châtaignerie, who jumped at all hazards into the water, and ſeized her by the hair, ſhe muſt inevitably have periſhed. This accident cured the King of a great toothach, which had afflicted him; and when the danger was over, he jeſted upon himſelf, ſaying, "That he never

" found a better receipt for the tooth-
" ach ; that, as to the reſt, they had
" eaten too much ſalt meat at din-
" ner, and that the folks had had a
" mind to make them drink after it."
(Journal d'Henri IV.)

The cauſe of this accident, according to the Mercure François, was, in entering the float, which, perhaps, had no parapet, the horſes, careleſsly going too much to one ſide, fell into the water, and by their weight dragged the coach after them, in which were the King and Queen, the Duke de Vendôme, the Princeſs of Conti, and the Duke of Montpenſier,

ſier, whom the rain had prevented from alighting. The Lords on horſe-back plunged into the river, without waiting to take off either their cloaks, or their ſwords, and haſtened to the ſpot where they had ſeen his Majeſty. That Prince, having eſcaped the danger, immediately returned into the water, in ſpite of the intreaties of his officers, in order to give aſſiſtance to the Queen and the Duke of Vendôme.

Henry, from conſtitution, was exceedingly given to women; but his attachment to his miſtreſſes had no influence upon his conduct with re-

ſpect to his ſervants, nor drew him off, at any time, from his principal duties. The Ducheſs of Beaufort required certain favours from Sully, which he could not poſſibly grant her. She made bitter complaints to the King, who deſired his Miniſter to go to her, and to endeavour to appeaſe her by ſound arguments; *And if that will not ſuffice*, ſaid he, *I will talk to her as a maſter.* Roſny repaired to the Ducheſs, and was opening the buſineſs by a ſort of explanation, but ſhe did not give him time to go through with it. Her paſſion not permitting her to be guarded in her expreſſions, ſhe interrupted

terrupted him with a reproach, *that he miſled the King, and made him believe that black was white.* "Oh! "Madam," ſaid Roſny, interrupting her in his turn, but with an air of the greateſt coolneſs, "ſince you are "for aſſuming this tone, I take my "leave; but for all that I will not "ceaſe to do my duty;" and went away, without ſaying, or liſtening to a word more. When he repeated to the King the expreſſions which the Ducheſs had made uſe of, he put him in a very ill-humour with her. "Come along with me," ſaid Henry, "and I will let you ſee that women "have not ſuch entire poſſeſſion of

" me." His coach not coming ſoon enough, he went into Sully's. The Ducheſs of Beaufort, who had expected ſoon to ſee him, from the manner in which Roſny had parted from her, had in the meanwhile ſtudied to ſet off her perſon to the beſt advantage. When the King was announced, ſhe went to the door of the firſt hall to receive him. Henry, without embracing her, or even ſhewing her the ordinary marks of tenderneſs, ſaid; " Let us go, Madam, " into your chamber, and let none " enter it but you, Roſny, and " myſelf; for I wiſh to talk to you " both, and to make you live on " good

" good terms with each other." He ordered the door to be ſhut, looked whether there was any perſon in the anti-chamber and in the cloſet; then, taking Sully with one hand, while he held his miſtreſs with the other, he told the latter with an air which muſt have very much ſurprized her, " That the true motives of his at-
" tachment to her, was the gentle-
" neſs which he had thought he per-
" ceived in her diſpoſition; that he
" found, by her late behaviour, that
" what he had ſuppoſed to be her
" real character, was nothing but a
" feigned appearance; that ſhe had
" deceived him, and that ſhe fol-

" lowed evil counſels, which cauſed " her to commit faults, the conſe- " quences of which might prove ir- " reparable." He concluded with commanding her to get the better of her diſlike to Sully, ſor that aſ- ſuredly he would not diſmiſs him to pleaſe her. The Ducheſs began to ſhed tears; ſhe aſſumed a tender and ſubmiſſive air; ſhe kiſſed Henry's hand; ſhe omitted nothing, in fine, which ſhe imagined was capable of ſoftening the heart of that Monarch. When ſhe thought ſhe had affected him ſufficiently, ſhe complained that, inſtead of the return which ſhe might have expected from a Prince, to whom

whom ſhe had given her whole heart, ſhe perceived that he was cruelly making a ſacrifice of her. She ſummoned to his recollection every thing that Roſny had ſaid and done againſt her children; then, feigning to yield herſelf up to her deſpair, ſhe ſunk upon the bed, where ſhe was determined, ſhe ſaid, to await the ſtroke of death, after the inhuman affront that ſhe had ſuffered. Henry was affected by this ſcene; but he recovered himſelf ſo ſuddenly, that the Ducheſs did not perceive it. He continued to addreſs her in the ſame tone; "That ſhe might have ſpared "herſelf the trouble of having re-

"courſe

"courſe to ſuch artifices on ſo "trivial an occaſion." This reproach ſtung her ſenſibly; ſhe redoubled her tears, declaring, "That ſhe "plainly ſaw ſhe was abandoned; "that it was, doubtleſs, to augment "her ſhame, and the triumph of "Roſny, that his Majeſty had choſen "to make him witneſs of the moſt "cruel expreſſions that were ever "uſed to woman." After ſhe had uttered theſe laſt words, ſhe ſeemed plunged in the deepeſt deſpair. "I "vow to God, Madam, this is too "much," replied Henry, loſing all patience; "I ſee clearly that you "have been ſet on to uſe all this

"ſilly

" ſilly artifice, in order to prevail on
" me to diſmiſs a faithful ſervant
" whom I cannot do without: I
" declare to you, that were I re-
" duced to the neceſſity of chooſing
" which of the two to part with, I
" would ſooner give up ten miſtreſſes
" ſuch as you, than one ſervant ſuch
" as Sully." *(Memoires de Sully.*

After this diſcourſe, the King roſe abruptly to leave the apartment. The Ducheſs of Beaufort, who apprehended that it was in order never to ſee her more, changed her battery. She ran towards the King to ſtop him; ſhe threw herſelf at his feet;

ſhe

ſhe kiſſed his hands; ſhe intreated him to pardon her fault, and made ſome apologies to Roſny for her harſh behaviour. The King melts; mutual promiſes are made to forget what had paſt, and they all three ſeparate as very good friends. When the King was gone out of the Ducheſs's apartment, he took Roſny by the hand, and ſqueezing it earneſtly, ſaid, *Well, my friend, have not I held out bravely?*

Henry had commenced his acquaintance with Gabrielle d'Eſtrées, while he was occupied with the ſiege of Paris. One day, as he was boaſting

boaſting much of the charms of Marie de Beauvilliers, his miſtreſs at that time, ſaying, that he preferred her to all other women, the Duke de Bellegarde, Grand Equerry of France, affirmed that he would alter his ſentiments were he to ſee Mademoiſelle d'Eſtrées. He ſaid ſo much in her praiſe, and drew ſo charming a picture of her, that he made the King deſirous of ſeeing her. Bellegarde, who was in love with that Lady, perceived the error that he had committed in mentioning her to the King; but he was now gone too far to recede. Henry ſaw her at Cœuvres, where ſhe reſided, and found her

even

even ſuperior to the fine picture which had been drawn of her. Gabrielle at firſt made no return to the paſſionate addreſſes of Henry, and this reſiſtance ſerved only to increaſe his flame. The Monarch would have wiſhed to let no day paſs away without viſiting his new miſtreſs; but the difficulty was, how to reach Cœuvres without running great hazards. It was neceſſary to travel ſeven miles through an enemy's country, to croſs an extenſive wood, and paſs in ſight of two garriſons of the League. One day, however, he reſolved on riſking every thing. He took horſe with ſome officers in whom he could confide,

ſide, and went four miles with this attendance. When he came within three miles of the houſe where his miſtreſs lived, he ſent back his company, alighted, dreſſed himſelf like a peaſant, procured a ſack of ſtraw, and finiſhed his expedition with the ſack upon his ſhoulders. Gabrielle ſtill received him very coldly, and remained with him but for a few moments. At length the elevation of M. d'Eſtrées, father of the *Belle*, the ſincere attachment which Henry manifeſted for her, his manners ſo affable and full of goodneſs, obliged that Beauty to ſhew more kindneſs to ſo generous and beneficent a lover.

Gabrielle, nevertheleſs, continued to entertain a paſſion for Bellegarde, of whom the King had ſome ſuſpicions. There happened a trivial circumſtance which muſt have opened his eyes ſtill farther, which was, that being at one of his houſes, on account of ſome enterprize which he had undertaken on that quarter, and having gone three or four miles for that purpoſe, Gabrielle took to her bed, declaring that ſhe found herſelf much indiſpoſed, and Bellegarde had pretended buſineſs at Mantes, which was at but a little diſtance. No ſooner had the King ſet out, than Arphure, one of Gabrielle's women, her

her moſt intimate confidante, and the perſon on whom ſhe entirely depended, introduced Bellegarde into a cloſet, of which ſhe alone had the key; and after her miſtreſs had diſmiſſed all thoſe who were in the room, the lover was permitted to make his appearance. While they were together, the King, who had not found what he went to look for, returned ſooner than he was expected, and was very near finding what he did not come to look for. All that could be done, was to thruſt Bellegarde into Arphure's cloſet, the door of which was exactly at the head of Gabrielle's bed; and in which there was a win-

dow looking towards the garden. As ſoon as the King came in, he aſked for Arphure, that ſhe might bring him ſome ſweetmeats which ſhe kept in that cloſet. Gabrielle ſaid that ſhe was not there, and that ſhe had aſked leave to go and viſit ſome relations in the town. "Not-"withſtanding," cried the King, "I have a deſire to eat ſome ſweet-"meats, and, if Arphure cannot be "found, let ſome one come and open "the door, or break it open for me." He himſelf gave it ſeveral ſtrokes. God knows in what alarm were the lovers, ſo near being diſcovered. Gabrielle, pretending a great head-ach, com-

complained that the noiſe diſturbed her; but the King was, for this time, determined to break open the door. Bellegarde, ſeeing no other remedy, jumped out of the window, and luckily eſcaped unhurt, although the window was very high. Immediately Arphure, who had concealed herſelf merely that ſhe might not open the door, came in a great flurry, declaring, as her excuſe, that ſhe had no notion ſhe ſhould be wanted. She then went to fetch what the King deſired ſo impatiently, and Gabrielle, finding that they were not diſcovered, made the King a thouſand reproaches, for his behaviour. "I

" ſee plainly," ſaid ſhe, " that you " have a mind to treat me like the " reſt of thoſe whom you have loved, " and that your fickle temper is ſeek- " ing for ſome cauſe of breaking with " me ; but I will be beforehand with " you, and will retire with my huſ- " band, whom I left, in obedience " to your authority. I own that the " fond paſſion which I felt for you, " hath cauſed me to forget both my " duty and my honour, and yet you " repay me for both with incon- " ſtancy under the veil of jealous " ſuſpicions, for which I have never " given you any cauſe even in " thoughts." Her tears were now

ready

ready at command: the King was ſo much affected, that he aſked her forgiveneſs a thouſand times, confeſſed that he had been too much to blame, and was a long while before he again ſhewed any ſymptoms of jealouſy. *(Hiſtoire des Amours d' Henri IV.)*

The military ardour of this Prince was not diminiſhed by his attachment to that beauty; witneſs the letter which he wrote to her on a very perilous occaſion, and in which he ſaid to her: "If I am vanquiſhed, you know me ſufficiently to believe that I will not conſult my

"ſafety in flight; but my laſt "thought ſhall be on God, my laſt "but one on you." *(Manuſcrits de la Bibliotheque du Roi.)*

After the death of the Ducheſs of Beaufort, Mademoiſelle d'Entrague, afterwards Marchioneſs de Verneuil, became all-powerful over the heart of this Monarch. The damſel, ſays Sully, was no novice; though pleaſed at ſeeing herſelf the object of the affection of a great Prince, ſhe yielded ſtill more to the ambitious notion that flattered her, that, ſituated as things were, it would not be impoſſible to act her part ſo well, as to prevail on her

her lover to change the title of *miſtreſs* into that of *wife*. She was therefore in no hurry to comply with his deſires. Pride and modeſty were employed by turns, and then intereſt had its ſhare. She demanded no leſs than a hundred thouſand crowns as the price of the laſt favour. Henry promiſed this ſum, and paſſed a night with the Marchioneſs. The next day, Sully, who had received orders to pay the hundred thouſand crowns, carried that ſum into the King's cloſet, counted out the money, and affected to diſplay it before that Monarch, in order to let him ſee what an engagement he had entered into.

Henry aſked whom the money was for? Anſwer was made, that it was for the Marchioneſs de Verneuil. *Ventre-ſaint-gris*, ſaid his Majeſty, *it hath been a very dear night to me.*

The Marchioneſs carried her views and her ambition ſo far, as to attempt to engage her lover to contract a legal marriage with her; but as that Prince was not yet in a condition to enable him to give her that proof of his affection, ſhe demanded a written inſtrument from him, by which he promiſed to eſpouſe her within a year, if ſhe had the good fortune to bring him a ſon. Henry, too weak

to

to reſiſt his inclinations, gave her this promiſe. But, as he poſſeſſed a rectitude and greatneſs of ſoul, which induced him to own his faults to thoſe whom he confided in, he ſent, one day, for Sully into the gallery at Fontainebleau, put that paper containing the promiſe into his hands, and aſked him what he thought of it. Sully, after having read it, returned it to him with a coldneſs which ſhewed that he did not approve of it. "Come, come," ſaid the King, "don't carry your diſ-
"cretion to ſuch lengths; you may,
"without offending me, ſay and do
"whatever you have in your mind;

"it

"it is a juſt amends to you for the "three hundred thouſand livres that "I ſqueezed from you." Sully made the King repeat ſeveral times the promiſe which he had made the Marchioneſs; and, not heſitating any farther to let his Prince know what he thought, he took the paper out of his hands, and tore it piecemeal. *How!* exclaimed Henry, much aſtoniſhed at this bold action, *what is this you are doing? I believe you are mad.* "True, Sire," anſwered he, "I am "mad; and would to God I were "the only madman in the kingdom." Sully, obſerving that the King was vexed, conſidered his own diſgrace as

inevita-

inevitable; but that Prince, whoſe anger had at firſt blinded his judgement, and prevented him from liſtening to the dictates of reaſon, was pleaſed with the noble boldneſs of his Miniſter, and gave him, ſome days after, the poſt of Grand Maſter of the Artillery. *(Memoires de Sully.)*

Henry IV. ſays M. de St. Palaye, had preſerved the character of the ancient chivalry. His frankneſs, and his reſpect for the ladies, might well have placed him on a level with thoſe heroes who had received the title of *Chevalier ſans reproche.* Like them, he was fond of glory, and, like them,

took

took a pleaſure in adorning himſelf with the trophies which he had won in battle. The Ducheſs of Guiſe, whom he called *his good couſin*, having aſked him for a paſſport, he was not content with giving it, but even went to meet her, and having conducted her into his apartment, ſaid, *Couſin, you ſee how well I love you; for I have dreſſed myſelf on your account.* "Sire," ſaid the Ducheſs laughing, "I don't perceive that you are ſo "much dreſſed as you ſay you are; "you have no reaſon to boaſt about the "matter." *Yes*, replied the King, *but you don't take notice of it.* Then ſhewing her his hat, *Here*, continued he,

he, *is a trophy which I won at the battle of Coutras, as my ſhare of the booty, and the victory. This other I gained at the battle of Ivri. Would you wiſh then, Couſin, to ſee on me two handſomer tokens to prove that I am well dreſſed?* Madame de Guiſe agreed with him; "But," obſerved ſhe diſdainfully, "you could not, "Sire, ſhew me one taken from my "huſband." *No*, ſaid Henry, *the rather as we never happened to meet and attack each other; but if we had, by any chance, come to that, I know not what might have been the iſſue.* The King, in this converſation, did not diſcover the leaſt reſentment, and

ſeemed

ſeemed only to be occupied with the thoughts of glory. *(Tablettes Hiſtoriques des Rois de France.)*

The letters which Henry IV. wrote to his miſtreſſes, are, for the greateſt part, preſerved in the original in the Royal Library. They are lively and agreeable, and are a true picture of his diſpoſition. Amongſt others, I have read one, ſaid Menage, which is very pretty, and which concludes thus; *Take care that you be punctual,* (to the appointment he means) *for otherwiſe I ſhall ſhew you that I am King, and, what is more, a Gaſcoon.* (Menagiana.)

Can any thing be more noble and gallant, than this billet of Henry to the Ducheſs of Beaufort; "My "deareſt love, in two hours after the "arrival of this meſſenger you will "ſee the Cavalier who doats on you, "and who is called the King of "France and Navarre; a title ſurely "honourable, but very troubleſome; "that of *your lover* is much more "delightful. All three together are "good, put what ſauce you will to "them, and I am firmly reſolved not "to yield them up to any one.—I "am glad that you love my ſiſter; "it is one of the ſure teſtimonies "that you can give me of your fa-

"vour,

" vour, which I cheriſh more than " my life, although I love that very " well—September 12th. From our " delicious deſarts at Fontainebleau." *(Hiſtoire des Amours d'Henri IV.)*

Henry was conſcious of his own defects, and poſſeſſed a ſincerity and greatneſs of ſoul which induced him to confeſs them. " Some," ſaid he, in a letter to Sully, " find fault with " me for being fond of buildings and " expenſive works, others for being " attached to the ladies and the de- " lights of love. In all theſe ob- " jections, I will not deny that there " may be ſome truth; but I may " like-

" likewiſe ſay, that when they do
" not exceed juſt bounds, I ſhould
" rather receive praiſe than blame
" for them; and, at all events, ſuch
" amuſements may well be excuſed,
" when they do no damage to my
" people, as a kind of compenſation
" for the many uneaſineſſes I have
" ſuffered, and for the many vexa-
" tions, hardſhips, perils, and dan-
" gers, through which I have paſſed
" from my infancy even to my fif-
" tieth year. The Scripture doth
" not abſolutely ſay that we ſhould
" be without ſins or blemiſhes; the
" rather, as ſuch infirmities are con-
" nected with the impetuoſity and

" promptitude of our nature; but
" that we ſhould not be governed by
" them, nor let them reign over our
" inclinations, which is what I ſtudy
" to effect, being unable to do bet-
" ter. You are acquainted with ſeve-
" ral circumſtances which have paſſed
" reſpecting my miſtreſſes, (which
" have been the objects that all the
" world hath ſuppoſed to have moſt
" influence over me) whether I have
" not often ſupported your opinions
" in contradiction to their whims;
" and have even told them, when
" they were peeviſh, that I would
" much rather loſe ten thouſand ſuch
" miſtreſſes, than one ſervant ſuch

"as you, who were neceſſary to me
" in affairs both of glory and utility."
(Memoires de Sully.)

Henry IV. was of a fiery temper, and eaſily inflamed; but, by continual reflections upon the evil effects of anger, by the inſtruction of much adverſity, by the neceſſity of gaining over partiſans; in fine, by the temperament of a heart inclined to tenderneſs, he had changed thoſe ardent tranſports into ſimple emotions viſible in his countenance, geſtures, and ſtill more rarely in his words. One day, Crillon came into Henry's cloſet, to clear himſelf from ſome

reproaches which had been caſt on him; he proceeded from excuſes to altercation, from altercation to rage and blaſphemies. The King, provoked at his continuing ſo long in the ſame ſtrain, commanded him to leave the room; but, as Crillon was returning every moment from the door, and the courtiers perceived the King grow pale with anger and impatience, they were afraid that that Prince would ſeize one of their ſwords, and ſtrike a man who had behaved ſo inſolently. Having at length recovered himſelf, after Crillon was gone out, and turning to the courtiers who attended him, and

who.

who, with De Thou, were admiring his patience in bearing with ſuch an outrageous tranſport, he ſaid to them, "I am by nature paſſionate; but "ſince I have obtained a knowledge "of myſelf, I am always on my "guard againſt emotions which it is "dangerous to liſten to. I know, "by experience, that anger is an "evil counſellor, and am glad to "have ſuch reſpectable witneſſes of "my moderation." *(Memoires de la Vie du Preſident De Thou.)*

Some days after, Crillon became ſenſible of the exceſs which he had been guilty of, and that he had failed

in reſpect to his royal Maſter. It afflicted him exceedingly, and he had nothing ſo much at heart, as the deſire of teſtifying his repentance. He goes to the King, with grief painted in his countenance, and throws himſelf at the feet of his Sovereign. Henry, full of goodneſs, raiſes him up, and embraces him: "I love "you," ſays that Prince; "you "know it; have I not always done "juſtice to your fidelity and attach-"ment to my ſervice? Your fiery "ſpirit, ſo praiſe-worthy in battle, "becomes criminal when you give "way to it in ſpeaking before a maſ-"ter, who knows the full value of

"what

" what you have done for him. Copy " from me, Crillon; learn to mode- " rate your temper." *(Vie du brave Crillon.)*

One day M. du Maine came to complain to this Prince of the inſolence of M. de Balagny, who had challenged his ſon, the Duke of Aiguillon. " Balagny is fortunate," ſaid M. du Maine, " that I was not " at home; I would have hung him " at the grate of my caſtle." The King made him no anſwer, but turned to thoſe who were in the room, and ſaid, *The good man ſtill ſmells ſtrong of the League.* (Memoires de Choiſy.)

This Prince hath been taxed with being ſomewhat too ſaving; but it was only by thoſe who were ignorant that a King is only a ſteward for his ſubjects, or who rated their own ſervices at too high a price. Henry was informed of theſe reproaches; "I am accuſed," ſaid he one day, "of being ſtingy; yet I do three "things not at all akin to avarice; "I make war, I make love, and I "build." *(Le Grain.)*

He had amaſſed near fifteen millions, a ſum, in thoſe days, very conſiderable, and which, probably, he deſtined for his expedition to Germany.

many. This money was laid up in one of the towers of the Baſtile, and the tower is called, to this day, the Tower of the Treaſure. Henry choſe that the Duke of Sully, as Superintendant of the Finances, and the Firſt Preſidents, as well of the Parliament, as of the Chamber of Accounts, ſhould each have a key; in order, ſaid he, that the treaſure may be better guarded, and that nothing may be taken thence without the knowledge of every body. Repreſentations were made to him relative to the oppoſitions and remonſtrances with which he would be perpetually teaſed by each of theſe

two

two aſſemblies, on account of the diſburſement of that money. "It "is for that very reaſon," anſwered Henry, "that I wiſh them to have "keys to it; as it is not reaſonable "that money levied upon my ſub- "jects, and which belongs to them "ſtill more than it does to me, ſhould "ever be diſburſed, but at the moſt "ſeaſonable times, and for their ad- "vantage." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

The city of Paris might boaſt of being indebted to him for its moſt beautiful edifices. The Spaniſh Ambaſſadors who came to that capital to ſign the treaty of Vervins, were aſtoniſhed

aſtoniſhed to ſee it ſo much embelliſhed, and ſo different from what it had been during the civil wars. One of them ſaid to the King, *Sire, here is a city the face of which hath been much altered ſince we laſt ſaw it.* "Don't be ſurprized at that," anſwered Henry; "when the maſter "of the houſe is not at home, every "thing runs to diſorder; but, when "he is returned, his preſence enli- "livens and adorns every thing about "it."

This Prince, who was accuſed of being ſo thrifty, did not fail, however, to reward freſh ſervices with freſh

freſh inſtances of liberality. "I do "not wait," ſaid he in a letter to Sully, "till thoſe who ſerve me well "aſk for ſomething. You aſſiſt me "ſo well in my affairs, that I wiſh "likewiſe to aſſiſt you in your's. "I give you twenty thouſand crowns "upon my extraordinary revenue; "make out the neceſſary warrant for "them." "I hear," ſaid he in another letter, "that you are building "at La Chapelle, and that you are "laying out a park there; as a "friend to builders, and being your "good maſter, I give you ſix thou-"ſand crowns, to enable you to do "ſome-

"ſomething handſome." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

Henry IV. ſays Pereſixe, was no bigot, but a truly pious Chriſtian. He had noble ſentiments reſpecting the grandeur and infinite goodneſs of the Divine Being. He ſaid, "that "he trembled with fear, and became "more diminutive than an atom, "when he found himſelf in the pre- "ſence of that Majeſty, who hath "made all things from nothing, and "who can reduce them to nothing "again, by withdrawing the aid "of his Almighty Hand; but that "he felt himſelf tranſported with

"un-

" unſpeakable joy, when he conſi-
" dered that that Sovereign Goodneſs
" had all human kind under his wings,
" like his children, and particularly
" Kings, to whom he communicates
" his authority, in order to make the
" reſt of his creatures happy." *(Hiſtoire d'Henri IV. par Perefixe.)*

Henry could not look, without vexation, upon Prelates who led wicked lives, and upon corrupt Judges. He ſaid, ſpeaking of the former, " I would be very glad to
" do what they talk of; but they are
" far from imagining that I know
" all that they do." And, ſpeaking

of

of the latter, he ſaid; " I cannot " comprehend how there can be per- " ſons ſo wicked, as to give judge- " ment contrary to their knowledge " and their conſciences." *(Perefixe.)*

He had nominated to be a Knight of the Order of the Holy Ghoſt, a certain courtier, who had obtained that honour at the ſolicitation of the Duke of Nevers. The cuſtom is, that the candidate, when receiving the collar, ſhall repeat the *Domine, non ſum dignus.** The new Blue Ribband having pronounced theſe words, the King ſaid to him, " I

* Lord, I am not worthy.

" know

" know that very well; and, there-
" fore, would not have given it to
" you, but for the intreaties of my
" couſin of Nevers."

Some one aſked Henry to puniſh an outrage committed againſt the Officers of Juſtice. " I have," replied that Monarch, " only two eyes " and two feet; in what ſhould I be " diſtinguiſhed from my ſubjects, if " I had not the direction of the " powers of Juſtice?" *(Perefixe.)*

This Monarch made the following anſwer to a courtier, who was ſoliciting the pardon of a nephew condemned

demned for an aſſaſſination: "I am "very ſorry that it is not in my "power to comply with your re- "queſt. It becomes you to act like "an uncle, me to act like a King; "I excuſe your requeſt, do you ex- "cuſe my refuſal." *(Perefixe.)*

The Marechal de Boiſdauphin aſked Henry to pardon a Gentleman, named Berthaut, Lieutenant to the Marechal, and who was condemned to loſe his head by a ſentence of the Parliament. The King granted it to him. The Court was informed of this, and deputed the Preſident de Thou to repreſent to his Majeſty of

what conſequence it was that the ſentence ſhould be executed. The Marechal was preſent. The King, wrought upon by the arguments of the Preſident de Thou, and by the prayers of Boiſdauphin, was exceedingly embarraſſed; but, addreſſing the latter, he ſaid; "Monſieur Boiſ-"dauphin, is it not the friendſhip "which you have for Berthaut, that "determines you to ſpeak to me in "his favour?" *Yes, Sire*, anſwered the Marechal. "But," ſays the King, "may I not ſuppoſe that you "have as much friendſhip for me as "for him?" *Ah, Sire, what a compariſon!* replied Boiſdauphin. "Well "then,"

" then," continued Henry, " let us " leave to juſtice a free courſe, ſince, " in ſaving Berthaut, you make me " loſe my ſoul and my honour: I " have already offended God but too " often, without adding this ſin to " the reſt." The ſentence was executed, and Berthaut was beheaded. *(Tablettes Hiſtoriques des Rois de France.)*

This good Prince loved pleaſantry, and willingly allowed it in the companions of his victories. Walking one day in the environs of Paris, he ſtopped, and putting his head between his legs, ſaid, looking at the city,

Ah, how many cuckolds neſts! A courtier, who was near him, did the ſame thing, and cried, *Sire, I ſee the Louvre.* (Dictionnaire des Hommes Illuſtres.)

Henry coming from hearing Maſs at the Feuillants, met Baſſompiere and M. de Guiſe, whom he took along with him, quitting Mademoiſelle de Villeroy, who accompanied him. "I came from the Feuillants, "where I ſaw the ſtone which Baſ- "ſompiere hath placed over the door "with this inſcription; *Quid retri-* "*buam Domino pro omnibus quæ re-* "*tribuit mihi?* I have added for him,

"*Calicem*

"*Calicem ſalutaris accipiam.*" M. de Guiſe could not help laughing, and ſaid to the King; "You are, in my "opinion, one of the moſt agreeable "men in the world, and our deſtiny "hath connected us with each other. "Had you been only a man of the "middle claſs of life, I ſhould have "wiſhed to have you in my ſervice, "at any price; but, ſince it pleaſed "God that you ſhould be by birth "a great Monarch, it could be no "otherwiſe than that I ſhould belong "to you." Henry embraced him, and replied, "You do not know me "yet, all of you; but I ſhall die, "one of theſe days, and when you

" have loſt me, you will know the " value of me, and the difference " that there is between me and other " men." Baſſompiere then ſaid to him, " My God! Sire, will you " never have done afflicting us, by " telling us that you will ſoon die? " There is no degree of happineſs in " this world equal to your's; you " are in the flower of your age, in " perfect health, and ſtrength of " body, loaded with honours, enjoy- " ing in complete tranquillity the " moſt flouriſhing kingdom upon " earth, beloved and adored by your " ſubjects, abounding in wealth and " fine houſes, bleſſed with a hand-

" ſome

" ſome wife and pretty children, who " are growing up; what more do " you need, and what more have you " to wiſh for?" The King ſighed, and anſwered, " My friend, all this " muſt be left behind;" and added theſe lines from Horace, *Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens uxor, &c.* (Memoires de Baſſompiere.)

The firſt year of Henry's marriage, the Queen deviſed a ballet, formed of fifteen Ladies of the greateſt beauty and higheſt rank at Court, whom ſhe had ſelected for this performance. The Pope's Nuncio was there. The King ſaid to him, *Sir, I never ſaw*

a more beautiful or more dangerous ſquadron than that. (Tablettes Hiſtoriques.)

When the Chancellor de Chiverny was baptized at St. Germain-en-Laye, Madame d'Angoulême, his godmother, ſaid, that he was the heavieſt child that ſhe had ever held. The King anſwered, *He may well be heavy, Couſin, don't you ſee that the Seals are dangling at his breech?* (Manuſcrit in 4to.)

A Courtier having come poſt to make intereſt for a rich Abbey, vacant by the death of the Chevalier d'

Aumale,

Aumale, who was killed by de Vic, in 1591, at the retaking of St. Denis, (it was the Abbey of Bec in Normandy) the King ſaid to him, *It is given away.* "How, Sire?" cried the other; "I am the firſt to aſk "for it; for I have outſtripped the "courier who is bringing you the "news of the retaking of St. Denis." *Sir*, replied the King very ingeniouſly, *you don't know, then, that De Vic killed the Chevalier d'Aumale, for no other reaſon than to obtain that Abbey for his ſon.* (Memoires de la Houſſaye.)

A Cap-

A Captain came one day to demand his diſcharge from Henry, with that freedom which the circumſtances of the times ſeemed to authorize; *Sire, three words; money or diſcharge.* Henry inſtantly replied in a ſtyle equally laconic, *Captain, four; neither one nor t'other.* However, ſome days after, the King, who eſteemed the man, ordered him a greater ſum than he had demanded. *(Tablettes Hiſtoriques.)*

The towers of the metropolitan city of Tours may be looked upon as a miniature of Gothic architecture. They are finiſhed with all poſſible

art and delicacy. Henry IV. therefore, the firſt time he ſaw them, aſked pleaſantly enough, if they had caſes?

Henry often mingled with his witticiſms little ſtrokes of hiſtory, which gave them a ſort of ſeaſoning.

In a ballet performed at the Louvre, nine Ladies appeared with the Queen at the head of them; amongſt theſe nine Ladies was the wife of D'O, Superintendant of the Finances. They all had their head-dreſſes rather loaded than enriched with jewels, but eſpecially the wife of the Superintendant.

intendant. A drunken Swiſs fell ſenſeleſs at the door of the ball-room. The King, who ſaw him fall, aſked the cauſe of it. *Sire*, anſwered ſome one, *we muſt not be ſurprized at it; he had a pot of wine upon his head.* "Ah! that is not a "good reaſon," ſaid his Majeſty; "ſee how erect and firm Madame "D'O is upon her feet, and yet ſhe "hath more than one pot of wine "upon her head." It is well known what *pot de vin* ſignifies in matters of finance. *(Tablettes Hiſtoriques.)*

A certain perſon having preſented the Anagram of the words *Henry the Great*

Great to that Monarch, in the hope of being rewarded for it; the King aſked him what was his profeſſion? *Sire*, ſaid he, *my profeſſion is to make anagrams; but I am very poor.* "That "is not extraordinary," replied the King; "for you follow but a poor "occupation." *(Dictionnaire des Hommes Illuſtres.)*

A Biſhop talking of war one day to Henry, and talking very ill upon it, that Prince pretended not to have heard him, and aſked him, *For what Saint was that day's ſervice in the Breviary?* (Tablettes Hiſtoriques des Rois de France.)

Count

Count Gordon, who was hump-backed, aſked Henry for the inveſtiture of all the governments of the Duke of Epernon. *You are joking*, ſaid the King to him; *be ſatisfied with the breeches, for the doublet will never fit ſuch a ſhape as your's.* The Count was a Scotchman, a wit, and a maker of anagrams. He had found, in the words HENRI DE BOURBON, letters making up this ſentence, DE BON ROI BONHEUR. The King having ſeen this anagram, and approved it, ſome one ſaid to his Majeſty, that an O had been added. *That is not material*, ſaid the King, who had juſt ſucceeded Henry III. *if there are but*

two

two O's in my name, my Crown will make the third. (Tablettes Hiſtoriques.)

One day Henry met, in the apartments of the Louvre, a man whom he did not know, and whoſe exterior did not announce him to be a perſon of any diſtinction. The King aſked him *to whom he belonged*, ſuppoſing him to be an attendant of ſome Nobleman. "I belong to myſelf," ſaid the man with a haughty and diſreſpectful tone. *My friend*, replied the King, turning his back on him, *you ſerve a fooliſh maſter.* (Tablettes citées.)

As

As Henry was paſſing near the Thuilleries with his whole Court, he met a woman driving a cow. *What will you take for your cow, goſſip?* ſaid the King in a ſerious tone. She told him the price. *Ah! you aſk me too much*, ſaid he, *ſhe is not worth that.* "No, but you don't under-"ſtand theſe matters, my good Sir," ſaid the woman; "you are not a "cow-merchant." *You are miſtaken, goody*, replied the King; *don't you ſee all theſe calves that are following me?* (Tablettes citées.)

His gardener at Fontainebleau was complaining to him one day, in pre-

ſence

ſence of the Duke of Epernon, who was a Gaſcoon, that nothing would grow in that ſoil. *My friend*, ſaid Henry to him, looking at the Duke, *plant it with Gaſcoons, for they thrive every where.* (Memoires pour ſervir à l'Hiſtoire de France.)

Henry, paſſing through a little town, ſaw ſeveral Deputies coming up to harangue him. One of them having commenced his diſcourſe, was interrupted by an aſs, who began to bray. "Gentlemen," cried the King, "one at a time, if you pleaſe." *(Pitaval.)*

The Deputies of Provence being come to Lyons to compliment him, the ſpokeſman ſuddenly ſtopped ſhort. The King turned to the reſt, and ſaid, "I underſtand you; you mean "to tell me that Provence belongs "to me, and not to the Duke of "Savoy."

The ſame thing happened to a Preſident of the Parliament of Rouen, who was introduced in order to make a ſpeech to his Majeſty; he ſtopped ſhort. The King ſmiled, and ſaid to thoſe about him, *This is not at all extraordinary; the Normans* * *are accuſtomed to fail of their word.*

* Rouen is the capital of Normandy.

A cer-

A certain perſon haranguing Henry for the Aſſembly which had deputed him, was ſo long before he finiſhed his diſcourſe, that the King, weary of liſtening to him for above an hour, at length took him by the hand, and ſhewed him the gallery of the Louvre, ſaying, "What think you of "this building? When it is finiſhed, "will it not be a fine thing?" *Aſſuredly, Sire,* ſaid the tedious ſpeaker. "Well then," replied the King, "it "is the ſame with your oration. As "to the reſt," continued he, with an air of goodneſs, "I have clearly "underſtood your arguments; I ſhall

" pay due regard to them at proper " time and place."

Henry being at Notre-Dame, to hear Fenouillet, Biſhop of Montpellier, preach, went, after ſermon, into the choir, to hear veſpers. His Majeſty was waiting on his knees in the upper ſtalls till the ſervice ſhould begin, and obſerved that a diſpute had taken place between his muſicians and thoſe of the Cathedral. He inquired the cauſe of it. The Great Chanter, in his cope, and with his ſtaff in his hand, came up to the King, and in a very long diſcourſe, aſſerted the rights of the Chanters of

Notre-

Notre-Dame againſt the Muſicians of his Majeſty. Henry anſwered, "Hear what my Almoner is going "to ſay to you on the ſubject; after "he hath explained himſelf, I will "decide your differences." The Almoner ſtood up for the privileges of the Chapel, and the Monarch, weary of the diſpute, which had now laſted above an hour, ſaid, "Well, "well, chant all of you; but let "my band take the lead." This anecdote may ſerve to prove, that the officers of the Chapel, and the King's Chamber, have precedency in all ceremonies where they accompany his Majeſty; and that it is

only on ſufferance, and as a matter of compliment, that the other muſicians are permitted to ſing along with them. *(Etat actuel de la Muſique du Roi.)*

Henry ſometimes went to dine with Zamet, one of his favourites, and the richeſt Farmer-General of his time, in order to form there little parties of pleaſure. One day, after dinner, Zamet ſhewed the King his houſe, which he had rebuilt; and making him take notice of all the nooks and corners, and other things that he had contrived, ſaid, "Sire, I have made "out theſe two halls, and theſe three

" cloſets which your Majeſty ſees " on this ſide."—*Ay, ay,* cries the King, *and of the parings I made gloves.*

Zamet was an Italian, and Henry liked him becauſe he was agreeable and jovial. At the marriage of one of Zamet's daughters, the Notary who drew the contract aſked him what were his titles? " I am," anſwered Zamet, " Lord Paramount " of ſeventeen hundred thouſand " crowns."

It was this ſame Zamet, who ſaid to Henry IV. " I have made a great " fortune, by buying merchandize

" very dear and ſelling it very cheap.
" I bought it dear, that I might have
" none but what was good; I ſold it
" much cheaper than other traders,
" but I diſpoſed of a hundred times
" more than they did."

The Preſident Chevalier having never been able to obtain the place of Firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris, let him employ what means he would, wiſhed to have the poſt of Preſident à Mortier, which had belonged to the Preſident d'Ambouille; but other candidates prevented him; which made Henry IV. ſay, *Chevalier is very unlucky*; *he can't ſuc-*

ſucceed in his views even with money. (Manuſcrit in 4to.)

Henry's taylor had publiſhed a book, containing regulations, as he called them, that were neceſſary for the welfare of the State. He had the aſſurance to preſent it to the King. That Prince laughed, and took it, and, after reading a few pages, ſaid to one of his Valets-de-chambre, "Go look for my Chan-"cellor; let him come and take "meaſure of me for a ſuit of cloaths; "here is my Taylor making regula-"tions for the good of the Govern-"ment." *(Tablettes Hiſtoriques.)*

The

The Duke of Mayenne was importuning Henry for the payment of the money which had been promiſed him in the treaty with that Prince, in 1596. The King anſwered ſmiling, " Sir, I cannot pay you; it " would be eaſier for me to give " you another battle of Ivri." *(Tablettes citées.)*

It was told to Henry, that the wife of the Marechal de Retz, a woman famous for her knowledge, her learning, and her wit, had left conſiderable legacies to her phyſician and her lawyer. " For a woman of " her wit," ſaid the King, " ſhe " com-

" committed a great miſtake at the " latter end of her days, in enrich- " ing her phyſician, who killed her, " and her lawyer, who will ruin her " family." *(Tablettes Hiſtoriques des Rois de France.)*

Mary of Medicis being pregnant, it became neceſſary to look out for a nurſe for the Dauphin. La Riviere, the Firſt Phyſician, a mercenary and corrupt man, recommended one who had made him a preſent of a piece of tapeſtry, worth four hundred crowns. The King, declaring that this nurſe did not pleaſe him, was for chooſing another, whoſe milk was excel-

excellent, according to the atteſtations of ſeveral phyſicians. La Riviere ſaid to the King, "She is not "a whit the better, Sire, for all theſe "atteſtations; I will engage to get "as good, for a couple of crowns, "to any phyſician in Paris that I "pitch upon." The King replied, *And why ſhould not they take two crowns for that? you have received a piece of tapeſtry worth four hundred crowns.* The King would not have the nurſe recommended by La Riviere. *(Manuſcrit in 4to.)*

Henry, Count de Bouchage, younger brother of the Duke of Joyeuſe, who was

was killed at Coutras, was paſſing one day, at four o'clock in the morning, by the convent of the Capuchins at Paris, after having ſpent the night in debauchery. He thought he heard the angels ſinging Matins in the convent. Struck with this idea, he became Capuchin, under the name of *Friar Angel.* He afterwards threw off the frock, and took up arms againſt Henry IV. At length he made his peace with that Prince; but, one day, he and Henry being together in a balcony, under which a great crowd was aſſembled, the King ſaid to him, *Couſin, theſe folks ſeem very glad to ſee an apoſtate and a re-*

a renegado together. Theſe words determined Joyeuſe to re-enter into his convent, where he died. *(Henriade.)*

Henry laughed at thoſe who came to Court, in order to diſplay their grand apparel; *And who carried*, ſaid he, *their mills and their woods upon their backs.* (Thomas, Eloge de Sully.)

This Prince often rallied the Conſtable Montmorency upon his ignorance; but he could not help admiring the ſagacity and natural genius of that illuſtrious man. Henry, who had

had ſtood ſponſor for the Conſtable's ſon at the baptiſmal font, ſaid one day, "With my goſſip who can't "read, and my Chancellor who does "not underſtand Latin, there is no-"thing which I would not under-"take." *(Dictionnaire des Hommes Illuſtres.)*

Henry ſometimes indulged himſelf in punning: it was alſo the taſte of the times. "The beſt cannon I "ever employed," ſaid he, "is the "cannon of the Maſs; it hath ſerved "to make a King of me." *(Tablettes Hiſtoriques.)*

A Rector

A Rector of the Univerſity of Paris, who was making a ſpeech to the King, having wandered from the ſubject on which he was deputed to ſpeak, the King aſked him what faculty he belonged to; the Rector anſwered, that he was a phyſician. Upon which Henry turned to his Courtiers, and ſaid, "My Univerſity "is very ſick; it hath fallen into the "hands of the phyſicians.

He repeated this ſame pleaſantry with reſpect to a Calviniſt phyſician, who had juſt embraced the Catholic religion; "My friend," ſaid he to

Sully,

Sully, " thy religion is very ſick ; " the phyſicians give it over."

A provincial, who had purchaſed the place of Preſident at a high price, and borrowed the money for that purpoſe, being come to pay his reſpects to his Majeſty, that Monarch ſaid in a whiſper to a Nobleman ſtanding near him, " Here is a good " Judge ; I dare ſay he will *acquit* " *himſelf* well of his *charge*, and that " in a little time." *(Pereſixe)*

A Lady of Quality, very old and withered, having come dreſſed in green to a ball given by that Mo-

narch, he told her with an air of pleaſantry, "That he was very much "obliged to her for coming in green "and yellow to do honour to his "company." *(Perefixe.)*

This taſte for pleaſantry attended him even in matters where he ſeemed to put on the greateſt ſerioufneſs. He ſaid to the Deputies of Paris, who were for ſelling their ſurrender, and deviſing pretences to protract the ſiege, "If they mean to put off the "capitulation till they have only one "day's proviſions, I will let them "dine and ſup for that day; but the "next they muſt of neceſſity ſur-"render.

"render. Inſtead of the *miſericorde* *
"which I offer them, I will leave
"out the *miſere*, and they ſhall have
"only the *corde*; for I ſhall be
"obliged by my duty, being their
"true King and Judge, to hang ſome
"hundreds of them, who, through
"wickedneſs, have ſtarved many in-
"nocent and worthy perſons; I
"owe this juſtice to God."

It was one of the maxims of Henry IV. that, if war be a remedy, it was a remedy as dangerous as the diſeaſe.

* Mercy.

Great men, ſaid he at times, are always the laſt to adviſe a war, and the firſt to execute it.

Another maxim of this Prince was, that a King, to reign happily, need only do all the good that lay in his power. *(Perefixe.)*

His ſoul, frank and truly royal, was an enemy to all petty artifices: "If our enemies," he would ſay, "make war on us like foxes, it be-"hoves us to make it like lions." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

This

This Prince had the misfortune to exerciſe, almoſt always, his military talents in civil wars; accordingly he appeared melancholy after a victory: "I cannot rejoice," ſaid he, "to ſee my ſubjects lying dead "upon the field; I am a loſer at "the very moment when I win."

He often repeated the following obſervation, which he borrowed from La Riviere, his phyſician; "The "kingdom of France is like a Drug-"giſt's ſhop, where we find equally "the moſt wholeſome remedies and "the moſt ſubtle poiſons; it is the "King's buſineſs to make uſe of both,

" like an able phyſician, by mixing " them judiciouſly together." *(Memoires de Sully.)*

On being told that his too great clemency to his enemies might prove prejudicial to him, he anſwered, " More flies are taken with one " ſpoonful of honey than with ten " tons of vinegar. *(Matthieu.)*

When he was entreated to take more care of his perſon than he had done, and not to go ſo often alone or ill-attended, he anſwered, " Fear ought " never to find admiſſion into a royal " breaſt. The man who dreads death " will

" will make no attempt upon me;
" the man who deſpiſes life will be
" always maſter of mine, though
" I were encompaſſed with a hoſt of
" guards. I recommend myſelf to
" God when I riſe and when I lye
" down; I am in his hands; and,
" after all, the tenor of my life is
" ſuch, as to leave me no juſt cauſe
" for diſtruſt: it belongs only to
" tyrants to live in perpetual terror."
(Pereſixe.)

Some perſons were mentioning before Henry IV. the important affairs which Philip de Valois had had upon his hands, and of his eminent

courage ſo ill-ſeconded by fortune. "He was a great Prince," ſaid Henry, "but he poſſeſſed a ſort of "cunning more worthy of a man "who means to deceive children, "than of a Sovereign, whoſe words "and actions ought only to be "founded on good faith. Philip de "Valois had made a treaty with the "Emperor Lewis of Bavaria, and "was bound by the terms of that "treaty not to make war upon the "empire. He armed, however, by "ſea and land, and gave the com-"mand of his forces to his eldeſt "ſon John, Duke of Normandy, "who was defeated at the battle of

L'Ecluſe.

" L'Ecluſe. The Prince having laid
" ſiege to the town of Thyn, Philip
" appeared there under the command
" of his ſon; pretending, that by
" aſſuming only the condition of a
" private ſoldier, though chief in the
" councils, he did not infringe upon
" the engagement into which he had
" entered, of not arming againſt the
" empire, becauſe he was not at the
" head of his troops. *A vile ſubtilty*,"
ſaid Henry, " *which diſhonours the*
" *memory of Philip de Valois.*" (Tablettes Hiſt. des Rois de France.)

Néreſtan, a brave officer, raiſed a very fine regiment, and aſſured Henry

Henry IV. that he deſired no other recompence than the glory of ſerving him. The Monarch anſwered, "It "is thus that good ſubjects ought "to ſpeak; they ought to forget "their ſervices, but it is the Sove-"reign's buſineſs to remember them. "They ought to be faithful; the "Prince ought to be juſt." *(Tablettes citées.)*

Henry loaded with careſſes a celebrated merchant, who embarked in great undertakings. This merchant took it into his head to purchaſe a patent of Nobility; the King took no farther notice of him; he had

the boldneſs to aſk that Monarch the reaſon of the alteration. "The "reaſon is," anſwered Henry, "that "I conſidered you as the firſt mer- "chant in my kingdom, and that I "look on you, at preſent, as the laſt "of the Gentlemen." *(Tablettes eitées.)*

A man who ate as much as ſix, introduced himſelf to Henry, in hopes that that great Prince would give him wherewithal to cultivate ſo eminent a talent. The King, who had already heard of this celebrated devourer, aſked him, whether the report was true, that he could eat as much

much as ſix? *Yes, Sire,* anſwered he. "And do you work proportion-"ally?" added his Majeſty. *Sire,* replied the eater, *I work as much as another of equal ſtrength and age with mine.* "Ventre-ſaint-gris," exclaimed the King, "had I ſix ſuch men as "you in my kingdom, I would hang "them; ſuch knaves would ſoon "occaſion a famine." *(Vigneuil, Melanges de Literature.)*

Great eaters and great ſleepers, ſaid Henry, are incapable of any thing ſublime. A ſoul which ſleep and high-feeding have buried in a maſs of fleſh, cannot feel any emo-

tions

tions that are generous and noble. If I love, added he, the pleaſures of the table, it is to enliven me and make me merry. *(Perefixe.)*

A Turkiſh Ambaſſador was magnifying the forces of the Sultan his Maſter, and ſeemed aſtoniſhed that a King who, like Henry, had aſcended the Throne, and eſtabliſhed himſelf upon it, by his victories alone, ſhould have ſo very ſmall an army. "Where "juſtice reigns," replied that great Monarch, "force becomes unneceſ- "ſary."

Henry

Henry ſeemed perſuaded, that none but perſons deſtitute of good qualities, want ſtrength of mind to confeſs their imperfections. This Prince one day aſked the Ambaſſador of Rodolph II. whether that Emperor kept any miſtreſſes? *If my Maſter hath any, it is in ſecret*, anſwered the Ambaſſador. "It is true," replied Henry, "that there are men ſo "poorly provided with great quali- "ties, that they cannot afford to let "their weakneſſes be ſeen." *(Pierre Matthieu.)*

When he was preſſed by a weight of buſineſs, and could not attend Maſs

Maſs every day, (on Sundays and holidays he never miſſed) he made excuſes to the Prelates who came to Court, and ſaid to them, "When I "am labouring for the Public, I "think I am forſaking God for God's "ſake." *(Perefixe.)*

This Prince had accuſtomed himſelf to make uſe of this expreſſion, *Ventre-ſaint-gris*, as a kind of oath. When he was yet a child, his governors, apprehenſive that he would get the cuſtom of ſwearing, as ſo many others did, had allowed him to ſay *ventre-ſaint-gris*, which was a term of deriſion that they had given

to the Monks, and particularly to the Franciſcans, (generally calling Saint Francis, *Saint-Gris)* evidently from the colour of their dreſs. Brantôme, in the Life of Francis I. mentions a wretched ſtanza of that time, made on the oath uſed by that Monarch, and on thoſe of his three predeceſſors.

Quand *la Pâque Dieu* décéda,* (Louis XI.)
Par le jour Dieu lui ſuccéda, (Charles VIII.)
Le Diable m'emporte s'en tint près, (Louis XII.)
Foi de Gentilhomme vint après, (Francis I.)

* "When *God's Eaſter* went out of faſhion, *By God's Light* ſucceeded it; *The Devil carry me* came next, and *By the Faith of a Gentleman* followed it."

FINIS.

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